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CANADA'S HISTORY
THE GREAT VIKING HOAX

On the cover

A portrait of a Viking re-enactor.

ABOVE: ALAMY COVER IMAGE: GETTY/LORADO

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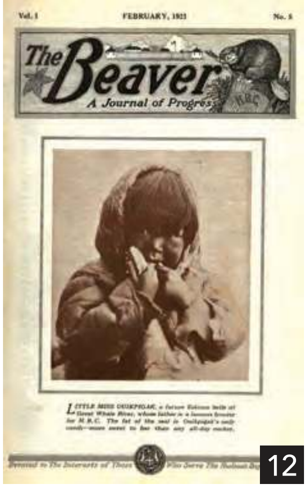

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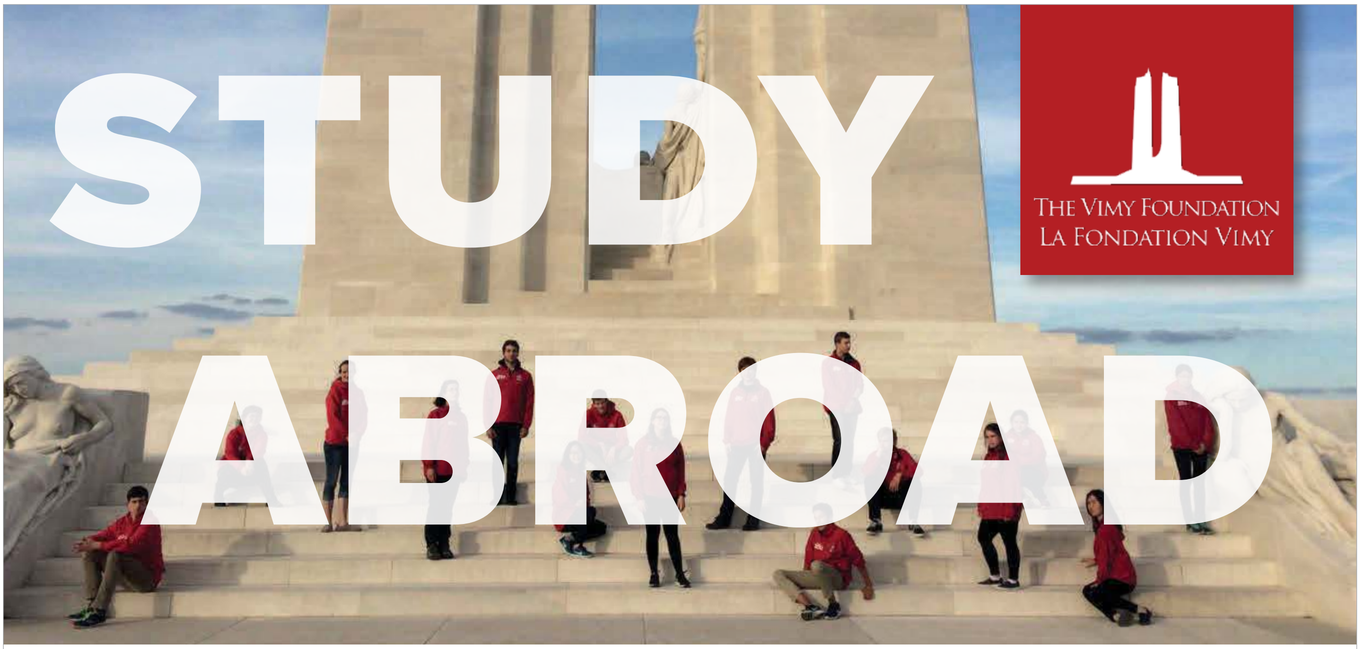

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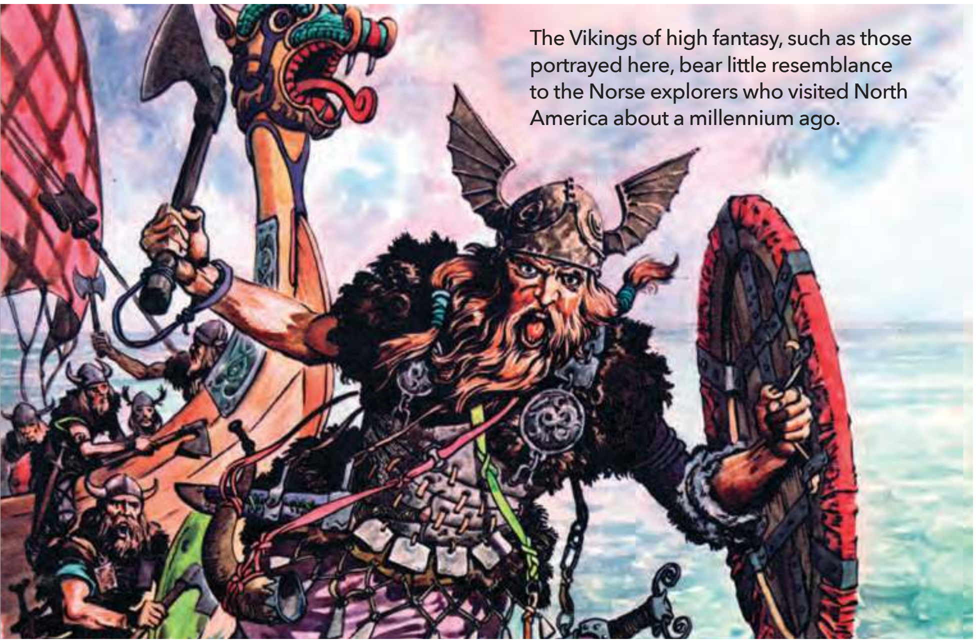
EDITOR'S NOTE



The Vikings of high fantasy, such as those portrayed here, bear little resemblance to the Norse explorers who visited North America about a millennium ago.

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Artifacts and fiction

In 2009, a television show debuted that sought to settle the ultimate military history water-cooler argument: Who were the toughest warriors ever to wield an axe or to swing a sword?

Each episode of *Deadliest Warrior* compared a pair of combatants from different eras and regions. Military historians assessed their weapons and combat skills and then staged a battle with re-enactors to decide a winner.

By far, my favourite episode was "Viking vs. Samurai." Vikings have always captured my imagination — and I'm apparently not alone. Vikings today are firmly ensconced in pop culture, the subject of hit TV shows, movies, novels, and documentaries. There's even an entire sub-genre of heavy rock music called "Viking metal."

Vikings were also top-of-mind back in early twentieth-century Canada. This was decades before the discovery of a Norse settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows in western Newfoundland, and experts were eager to discover evidence of Vikings in "Vinland" — a land of grapes, wheat, pastures, and forests in the New World described in thirteenth-century Norse sagas.

In the 1930s, the Vinland-ophiles thought they had hit the jackpot. News of a sensational discovery of Norse relics in northern Ontario seemingly confirmed a European presence in North America centuries before the 1492 arrival of Italian explorer Christopher Columbus. Unfortunately, the find was faked.

In this issue, author Douglas Hunter recalls how the "Beardmore relics" forced a rewrite of the history of North America — until their provenance was finally debunked in the 1950s.

Elsewhere in this issue, we explore the tragic legacy of the murders of female students at École Polytechnique de Montréal thirty years ago; we recall how an African-American singer's tour of Canada was cut short in the 1950s over communism fears; and we remember the exploits of the legendary War of 1812 schooner *Nancy*.

As for the Viking vs. Samurai debate? The experts at *Deadliest Warrior* sided with the Japanese swordsman — but I still say the Viking was robbed!

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS

David Frank wrote "A Brief Parole." He is a professor emeritus in Canadian history at the University of New Brunswick, where he was also editor of the Atlantic Canada history journal *Acadiensis*. His publications include *J.B. McLachlan: A Biography*, which won the Clio Award of the Canadian Historical Association and the J.W. Dafoe Book Prize for Canadian Studies.

Douglas Hunter, who wrote "The Great Viking Hoax," is a writer and artist in Port McNicoll, Ontario, who holds a Ph.D. in history. His numerous books include *Beardmore: The Viking Hoax That Rewrote History*, published in 2018. He is at work on a book about the artist A.Y. Jackson, the First World War, and the birth of the Group of Seven.

Bruce Kemp is the author of *Weather Bomb 1913: Life and Death on the Great Lakes* and the novel *The Fugitive's Son*. He would like to thank Marilyn Beecroft and The Friends of Nancy Island for their generous help in researching his article "The Legendary Nancy" for this issue.

Francine Pelletier, wrote "Gender Terror." She has worked as a journalist in print and electronic media for more than thirty years, in French and in English. She co-founded *La Vie en Rose*, a monthly feminist magazine, has written for two of Montreal's best known newspapers, *La Presse* and *Le Devoir*, and co-hosted CBC Television's flagship current affairs program *The Fifth Estate*. She has written and directed eleven documentary films and teaches at Concordia University.

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Peaceful memories

Volunteers at Grindstone Island, Ontario, take part in a role-playing exercise in 1965 to test the ideology of non-violence.

GRINDSTONE CO-OPERATIVE FONDS, ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

It was with surprise and delight that I read Tara Brookfield's article "Experiments in Peace" and the story of the Quakers' Grindstone Island program (*Canada's History*, October-November 2019). I attended the 1965 "Biases in Teaching" workshop while youth and education secretary for the United Nations Association in Canada. My late wife, Barbara Clague, was there as well, a staff member with the Student Christian Movement.

The Grindstone experience was special, and the article captures it well. It mirrored the burst of restless, creative activism then occurring amongst youth in Canada, including the formation of CUSO (Canadian University Service Overseas), the Company of Young Canadians, Summer of Service, the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the Student Union for Peace Action, Toronto Youth for Human Rights, and more. All of these can provide good stories for future issues of the magazine.

Michael Clague
Vancouver

Red River Resistance remembered

It is a misnomer to refer to "Riel's Rebellion" with respect to the article written by Philippe Mailhot ("The Priest Who Shaped a Province," October-November 2019). He nowhere calls the events leading to the founding of Manitoba by that name. Those events were neither Louis Riel's nor a rebellion.

Prior to July 15, 1870, Canada, consisting of only the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, had no jurisdiction over what is now Manitoba. Canada was a foreign intruder when it sent survey crews to Red River in July 1869. One does not "rebel" against foreign interlopers. One "resists" them. The inhabitants of Red River, mostly Métis and led by Riel, did exactly that. Hence what has been termed a rebellion is properly called the "Red River Resistance."

George and Terry Goulet
Sechelt, British Columbia

Thank you for your story on Abbé Noel-Joseph Ritchot, "The Priest Who Shaped a Province." It is an excellent account of a little-known historical figure. It is particularly relevant in these times, with more emphasis on the history of the Métis today.

I was so intrigued by your story that I had to find Philippe Mailhot's original dissertation at the University of Manitoba. It provides an even more in-depth account of the creation of Manitoba and the key role as a true "Father of Manitoba" that Ritchot played. His role as an advisor during the initial days in the winter of 1869–70, but more importantly as a delegate of the provisional government in negotiations with Canada, is an important chapter in Canada's history.

There is no doubt in my mind that without the tireless work of the abbé the *Manitoba Act*, if it existed at all, would have been a far different document. Please pass along to Mailhot my congratulations on his excellent scholarly research and the resulting dissertation.

Fred Pincock
via email

Email comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada.

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to enjoy the arrival of the Belugas and celebrate Manitoba's 150th
Sunday June 28 to Saturday July 4, 2020

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CANADA DAY IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

to enjoy the Canadian and the Canadian Pacific Railway!
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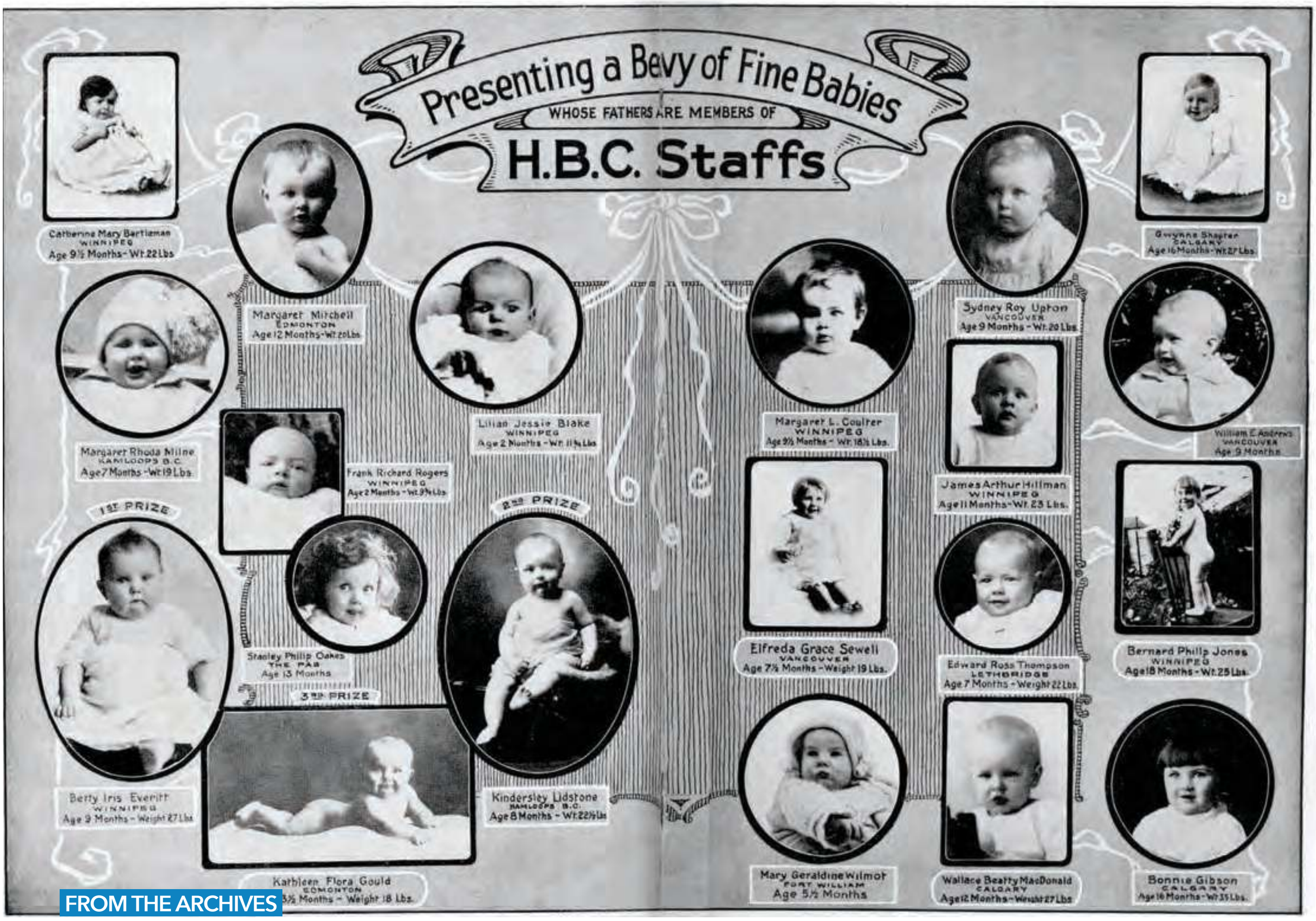
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CALGARY
Age 16 Months - Wt. 35 Lbs.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Oh, baby!

Wide-eyed and rosy-cheeked, the tiny tots peep out of the pages of the February 1921 issue of *The Beaver*. Little Sydney, a nine-month-old from Vancouver, wears a light frock. Margaret, from Kamloops, B.C., sports a toque with an enormous tassel that seems almost as large as the seven-month-old's head. Elsewhere, year-old Stanley has the wide-eyed look of someone whose hand has been caught in the proverbial cookie jar.

The article, a two-page collection of baby pictures, is titled "Presenting a Bevy of Fine Babies, Whose Fathers are Members of H.B.C. Staffs." It's the likely much-anticipated sequel to an article from a previous issue, which had called for the submission of baby pictures for a company cuteness contest.

This type of article was common in the early years of *The Beaver*, along with Hudson's Bay Company staff news and gossip, morale-boosting missives, and tips to increase productivity.

The Beaver
A Journal of Progress

Cover of *The Beaver's* February 1921 issue.

First prize went to bouncing baby Betty, a nine-month-old Winnipegger who looks like she came straight from a casting call for a Pablum commercial.

The article was meant as a lighthearted reminder that the employees at HBC's far-flung outposts and big-city stores were all one big family. However, there's an irony in that the cover of the issue also features a child who, at that time and in that era, would never have received consideration by the judges. Her name is "Little Miss Ouikpigak, a future Eskimo belle of Great Whale River," a community located near Nunavik, Quebec.

The fact that the baby contest winners were all non-Indigenous — despite the many First Nations, Métis, and Inuit people who worked in the fur trade — is a vivid reminder of the schism that divided white society from people of colour in the early twentieth century. — *Mark Collin Reid*

THE BEAVER, FEBRUARY 1921

UNESCO recognizes NCTR archives

Residential school testimony, images, and artifacts deemed essential knowledge for Canadians.

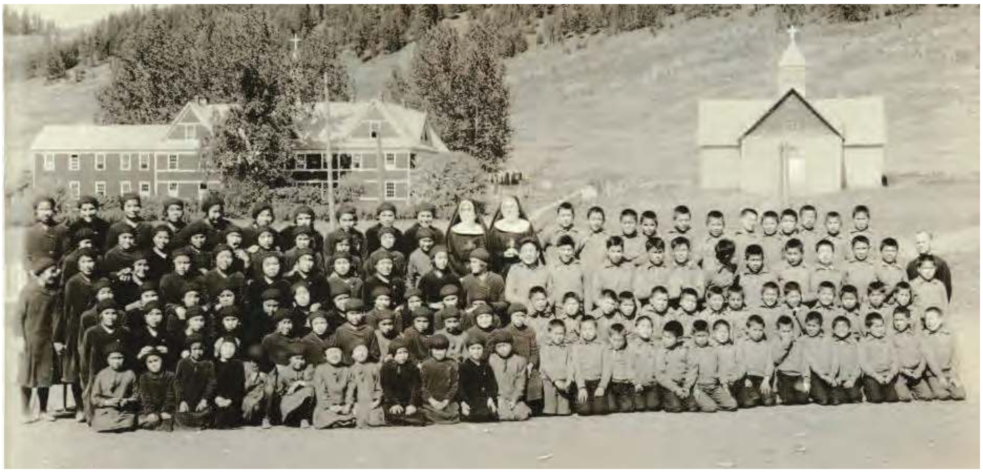
The memories and images that make up the archival collection of the National Centre for Truth and Reconciliation are a searing, emotional reminder of the pain inflicted on generations of residential school survivors and their families. Now this important archival resource has been recognized for its immense historical value.

The collection, housed at the NCTR at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, has been added to the UNESCO Canada Memory of the World Register — a designation created in 2017 to recognize documents that have deep significance to Canadian history. (UNESCO is the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.)

"This says that the material that we hold here — the survivors' statements, the documents — are essential knowledge for all Canadians. They have to be protected, and they have to be preserved," Ry Moran, director of the NCTR, said in announcing the UNESCO designation.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada (TRC) collected the material during cross-country hearings held between 2009 and 2015. The TRC heard from more than 6,500 witnesses, including residential school survivors and their families. In June 2015, it released its final report, which included ninety-four calls to action.

Two other collections were also added to the UNESCO register: the Wallace B. Chung and Madeline H. Chung Collection at the University of British Columbia and McCord Stewart Museum's Notman Photographic Archives in Montreal. *— Mark Collin Reid*

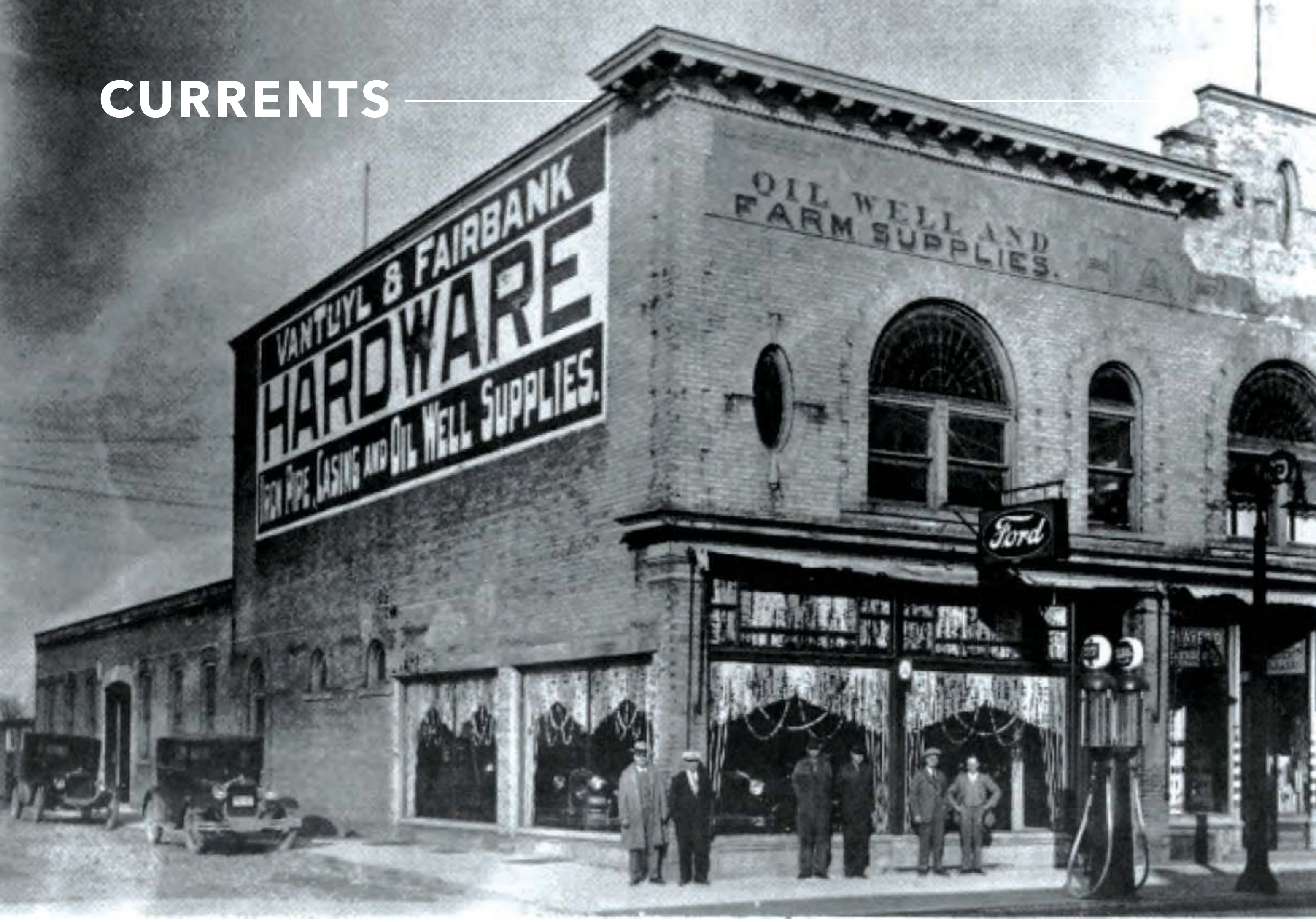


Cariboo Indian Residential School (also known as St. Joseph's Indian Residential School) operated in British Columbia between 1890 and 1981. Some children who attended the church-run school were sexually abused by the Roman Catholic priests who taught them.

COURTESY NATIONAL CENTRE FOR TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION; WAYNE CUDDINGTON/OTTAWA CITIZEN

Historian Tim Cook elected to Royal Society of Canada

Military historian and author Tim Cook has been elected to the Royal Society of Canada as one of ninety-three new fellows. Cook, a historian at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa, is also a member of the board of directors of Canada's National History Society (CNHS). Prospective members of the Royal Society of Canada are elected by their peers for their outstanding scholarly, scientific, and artistic achievements. Cook is the latest member of the Canada's History family to receive this recognition. Other fellows have included past board members Margaret Conrad, René Durocher, Charlotte Gray, Fernand Harvey, Jacques Lacoursière, Paul-André Linteau, Tina Loo, Desmond Morton, Douglas Owram, Aritha van Herk, and William Waiser, as well as CNHS Advisory Council member Thomas H.C. Symons.



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Historic Ontario store set to close

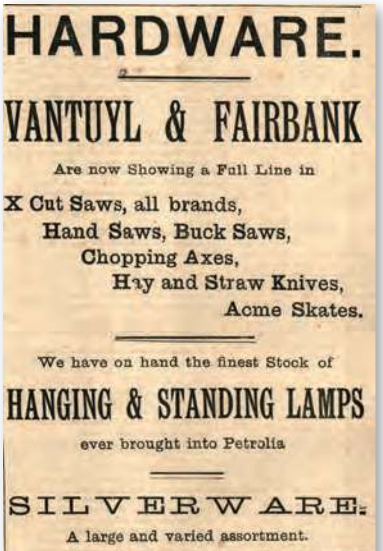
Founded before Confederation, Van Tuyl & Fairbank served industry and public. *by Gary May*

A family business that sprang out of the birth of Canada's early oil industry will be closing soon after 154 years and four generations.

Van Tuyl and Fairbank Hardware had its pre-Confederation genesis in 1865 when the John H. Fairbank General store opened in Petrolia, Canada West. Fairbank's timing proved perfect, as the focus of Canada's first oil boom was just shifting to that town from nearby Oil Springs.

The store saw its first of many transformations when Fairbank hired a visionary manager, American Civil War veteran Major Benjamin Van Tuyl, in 1874. It was relocated to a new brick building in the southwestern Ontario town's expanding west end, and together, Van Tuyl and Fairbank built what was once known as the largest hardware store west of Toronto.

In 1929 the business moved again, this time into three nearby freight sheds that, once brought under a single roof, formed Van Tuyl and Fairbank's location for the last ninety years of its existence. In its final days the shop continued to sell a fascinating range of items, from specialty oil well tools to two dozen kinds of gloves, including trapper gauntlets for handling muskrats and beavers.



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A large and varied assortment.

In recent years, the business modernized, entering the computer age with a company website and selling solarware and photovoltaic panels. But the floorboards, worn unevenly from decades of the workboot traffic they have seen, betrayed its age.

The general-turned-hardware store has, in the words of its last owner, Charles Fairbank III, "withstood the fear of the Fenian raids, diminishing oil, two world wars, the Great Depression, fires, floods and new technology."

The store is a victim of the times, said

VAN TUYL & FAIRBANK
HARDWARE
Established
1865

Above: A sign for Van Tuyl and Fairbank Hardware.

Opposite page top: The Van Tuyl and Fairbank Heavy Hardware store circa 1929.

Opposite page bottom: Advertisement for Van Tuyl and Fairbank Hardware circa late 1800s.

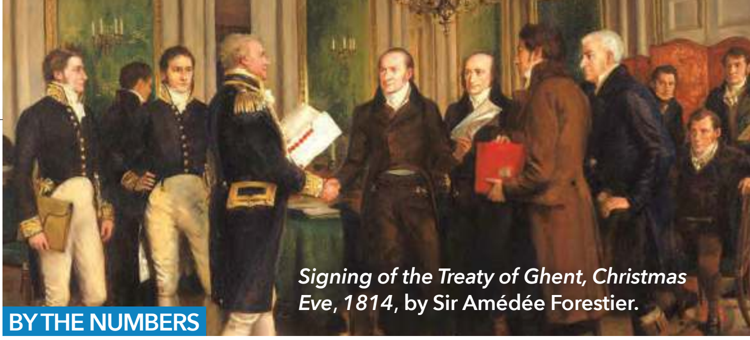
Fairbank. "With wonderful managers we miraculously survived as long as we have. We've been keeping customers happy for 154 years, and that's an achievement."

One of the more unusual items to play a part in the store's history was the 1960s-era Fairbank electric teapot. Assembled by local church groups, the ceramic pot's claim to fame was that its built-in element boiled water quickly and shut off on its own. Just before it was to be featured in both the Simpsons and Eaton's catalogues, the teapot fell victim to a Canadian Standards Association inspector's demand that the wattage be reduced.

At its third — and last — location, Van Tuyl and Fairbank was as much a museum as a retail enterprise. The walls became display space for advertisements and photographs from the nineteenth century. The roof was supported by beams that still had bark on them, and visitors could inspect historic items such as a 1916 cash register and a 1904 fire extinguisher. On the retail side, it sold regular hardware as well as handcrafted specialty tools needed to maintain the historic local oil wells that still operate with nineteenth-century technology. Charles Fairbank continues to operate Fairbank Oil Field, established in 1861 by his great-grandfather, the store's founder.

In 1925, the oil field upon which the company operated was designated a National Historic Site for being the first commercial oil field in the world.

ABOVE RIGHT: SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM



Signing of the Treaty of Ghent, Christmas Eve, 1814, by Sir Amédée Forestier.

The Treaty of Ghent

On December 24, 1814, representatives of Britain and the United States met in Belgium to sign the Treaty of Ghent. The agreement formally concluded the War of 1812, which had profound repercussions for the future of North America. Combatants included Britain, the United States, Indigenous peoples of eastern North America, and citizens of what is now Canada. Despite the treaty, combat continued for several weeks due to a delay in the news reaching North America.

10,000

Approximate number of Indigenous people who fought in the War of 1812.

32

Duration of the war, in months.

11

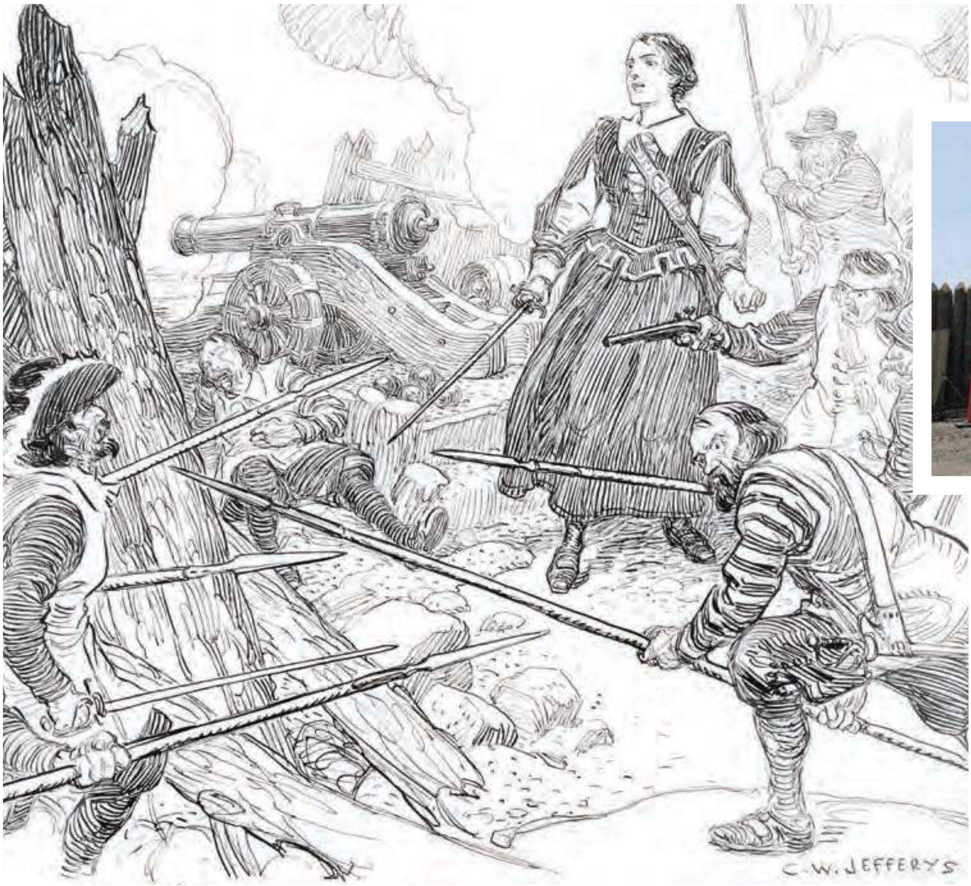
The number of articles that make up the Treaty of Ghent. A key condition was the concept of "status quo ante bellum," which involved a return of all captured territory to the original owners.

23,600

Approximate combined death toll of American, British, and Canadian soldiers. The number of Indigenous casualties is unknown.

9

The article in the treaty that called for the restoration of all Indigenous lands to 1811 conditions. This article was ignored by the Americans.



Above: A construction crew builds a structure at historic Fort La Tour in Saint John, New Brunswick, in the summer of 2019. The $1.2-million reconstruction project is now complete.

Left: *Madame La Tour Defending Fort St. Jean*, a 1934 drawing by C.W. Jefferys.

Siege site finds new life

Acadian fort reconstruction opens in New Brunswick. *by Darcy Rhyno*

Since being designated a National Historic Site in 1923, Fort La Tour in downtown Saint John, New Brunswick, has been the focus of several failed development efforts. Now, nearly a century later, a $1.2-million reconstruction is complete. The site includes replica forts, a blacksmith shop, a wood-fired oven, and a bastion, all inside a rough palisade. The Fort La Tour Development Authority held a soft opening to the public in September 2019 and is planning a grand opening next spring.

Originally built in 1631 by Charles de Saint-Étienne de La Tour, governor of Acadia, the fort operated as an early French fur-trading post at the mouth of the Saint John River. The uninterrupted view over the harbour and across the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia gave the location great strategic importance.

While the fort served as a cultural crossroads where French Acadians, Indigenous peoples, and, later, British Loyalists traded and battled, it's the story of Françoise-Marie Jacquelin, wife of Charles La Tour, and the role she played during a siege of the fort in 1645 that is the stuff of legend. The story begins with rival French Governor Charles de Menou d'Aulnay, who claimed the same territory during a period of bitter Acadian civil war. In 1645, he sailed from his base in Port Royal across the Bay of Fundy to attack the fort while Charles La Tour was absent. Madame de La Tour led a spirited defence for four days before surrendering on the condition that all lives would be spared. But d'Aulnay broke his word and forced Madame de La Tour to watch with a rope around her neck as he executed some fifty members of her garrison. He must have known of her travels to France, England, and New England in search of supplies and troops to battle him for control of the region and its resources. Three weeks later, she died of what some say was a broken heart.

Local Member of Parliament Wayne Long announced in July 2019 that the federal government would contribute a quarter of a million dollars for the addition of an interpretive centre and programming related to the project. According to a Department of Canadian Heritage and Multiculturalism news release, "once completed, Place Fort La Tour will feature exhibits, interpretive maps, and a multi-purpose outdoor space to offer visitors a visual and interactive experience."

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A Canadian National Railway passenger train sits at the Komoka, Ontario, station in April 1974.

Costumed greeters welcome visitors to the CN100 event in Winnipeg at The Forks, a former CN rail yard.

Crossing the continent

A touring exhibition is visiting eleven Canadian cities, and three in the United States, to mark the centennial of the founding of Canadian National Railway in 1919. CN100: A Moving Celebration includes live entertainment and interactive exhibits that tell about the history of rail transportation as well as the company's other activities and involvements, all in a carnival-like atmosphere.

Set up in several colourful shipping containers, exhibits allow visitors to experience the magnificent scenery along the company's routes, hear the stories of CN workers, and even design a holographic version of a futuristic vehicle. In its decades as a Crown corporation, CN's activities included founding both a radio network that became the CBC and the airline now known as Air Canada.

The tour's next stop is in Regina at the end of November, with other cities scheduled for 2020.

Canadian Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, third from left, joins other delegates at a League of Nations meeting in 1928 in Geneva, Switzerland.

A league of their own

On January 10, 1920, the League of Nations gathered for the first time in Geneva, Switzerland. Among the forty-two founding countries was Canada — something that would have been unthinkable even just a few years earlier, when the Dominion was seen as a junior partner in the British Empire. However, Canada's performance during the First World War earned the respect of its more powerful allies, and following the war it was offered a seat at the proverbial table.

It was hoped that the League of Nations would help to stave off future diplomatic crises and prevent wars. But the rise of aggressive dictatorships in Germany, Italy, and Japan doomed the league to failure. In 1945, following the end of the Second World War, the United Nations was created out of the ashes of the League of Nations.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

Members of the CNHS board of directors circa 1994. Back row from left: Paul-André Linteau, William Nobleman, Joe Ghiz, Michael Bliss, and Desmond Morton. Front row from left: Marlene Shore, Shirley Anne Smith, Rolph Huband, Joe Martin, and Tina Loo.

THE BEAVER FEB-MAR 1995

Remembering Desmond Morton

Historian, author, and CNHS volunteer was a passionate champion of history.

Canada's National History Society is very saddened by the passing of Canadian historian Desmond Morton. The author of more than forty books on Canadian history, Morton was a founding member of the Society's board of directors and a long-time supporter. He was eighty-one years old.

"Desmond Morton was a champion of Canadian history and a true friend of the History Society. His loss will be felt deeply," said Janet Walker, the president and CEO of Canada's History Society.

Joe Martin, president emeritus of CNHS, said Morton played a key role in the early years of the history society, volunteering to serve on the editorial committee of *The Beaver* magazine, and supporting efforts to honour teachers through the Governor General's History Awards. "Canada has lost a distinguished scholar, a brave soldier, and a truly remarkable individual," Martin said. "He shared his qualities with our fledgling society, and it is truly the better for it."

Born in 1937 into a military family, Morton was a graduate of the Collège militaire royal de Saint-Jean, the Royal Military College of Canada, Oxford University, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, and the London School of Economics. He spent a decade in the Canadian Army before embarking on a career in teaching.

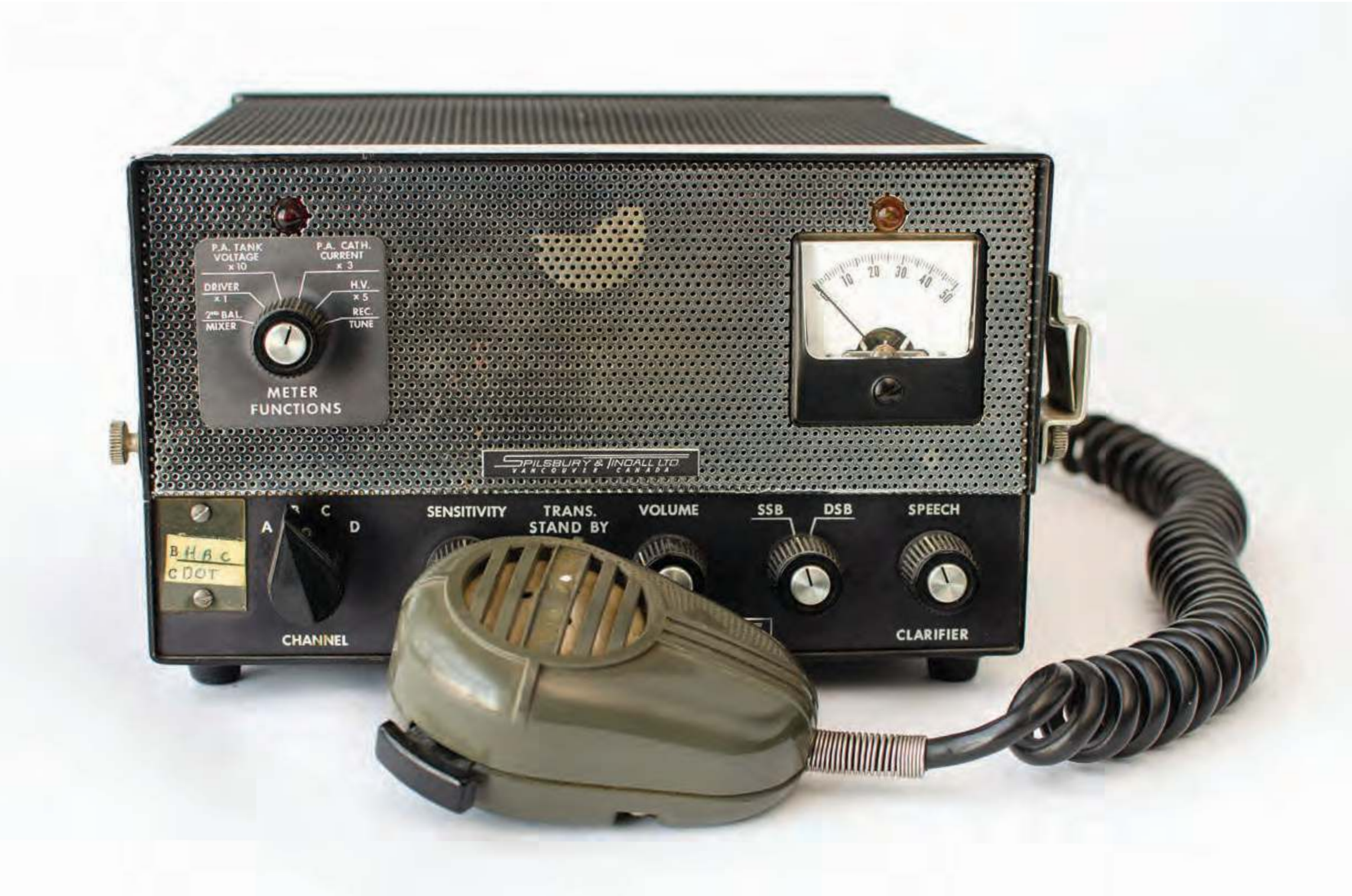
Morton was the Hiram Mills Emeritus Professor in the Department of History and Classical Studies at McGill University in Montreal as well as a past director of the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada.

"He ensured McGill was on the map as a leader in Canadian studies," Antonia Maioni, dean of the Faculty of Arts at McGill, told the *Montreal Gazette*.

In the mid-1990s, Morton played an integral role in the early development of Canada's National History Society. He continued to contribute for decades afterwards, writing for *The Beaver* (later *Canada's History*) and contributing essays to the Society's books, including *100 Photos that Changed Canada*.

Canada's History editor-in-chief Mark Collin Reid said that working with the historian was both a personal and a professional honour. "Desmond's contributions to the Society, and to history in general, are immense," Reid said. "But for me it was the personal conversations with him that I will remember. He was a brilliant man with a deep passion for the history of Canada — and also for storytelling. He knew how to write for all Canadians, not just academics — which is why his stories resonated so greatly with our readers."

Morton was an officer of the Order of Canada and, since 1985, a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.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Transceiver

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

This transceiver, model SB-60, was designed for radio communication across great distances, particularly in remote locations or aboard seafaring vessels. Manufactured by Spilsbury & Tindall Radio Communications Limited, a Vancouver-based company that operated from 1941 to 1972, the transceiver features a ventilated steel mesh cover with seven dials, including one for switching between channels — *B* was reserved for HBC communications. The hand-held microphone hooks on to the side of the box. Exactly where this transceiver was operated remains a mystery, but it was in use by the Hudson's Bay Company around 1968. Radio communication was a welcome and essential convenience for northern HBC posts, which previously relied on written correspondence to receive and to dispatch information. This is a rare piece of surviving modern technology in the HBC Museum Collection, as a 1987 memo notes: "Old HBC radio equipment seems to be scarce." The same memo states that when Tom Roach — a researcher who also wrote for *The Beaver* — "was looking into the possibility of the National Museum of Science & Technology doing a display re. early HBC radio network, he was having difficulty finding equipment."

— Cortney Pachet, assistant curator of the HBC Collection at the Manitoba Museum

ARTIFACT FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM (HBC 98-1435) / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

HUDSON'S BAY

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbcheritage.ca**, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at **@HBCHeritage.**

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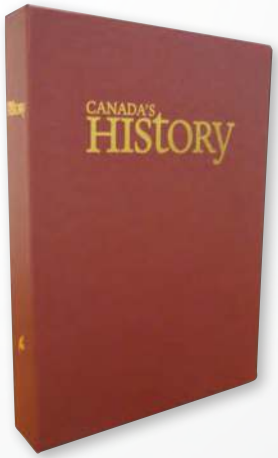

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CANADA'S
HISTORY

THE GREAT VIKING

Viking re-enactors wield replica weapons on a mock battlefield.

HOAX

The way Canadian experts reacted to a dubious find tells us more about the desire for a Norse presence here than about the artifacts themselves.

by Douglas Hunter

ON DECEMBER 3, 1936, James Edward "Eddy" Dodd arrived at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto for a highly anticipated appointment. A fifty-one-year-old itinerant prospector and railway worker from Port Arthur, Ontario, Dodd ascended the broad limestone steps of the museum's new Avenue Road entrance before he entered the Romanesque stone rotunda that welcomed visitors. Tucked behind the rotunda's second-floor balcony was Dodd's destination — the office of Charles Trick Currelly, the esteemed sixty-year-old director of the museum's archaeology division. Beyond the stairwells leading to the second floor was the Armour Court, which gleamed with the frightening metal of past European wars. If all went well that day, Dodd would make the most sensational contribution to the ROM's ever-expanding collection.

Dodd was carrying a custom-made wooden case bearing four unusual pieces of badly corroded iron: an axe head, a sword (broken in two), and what was taken to be a shield handle. The items were unimpressive, compared to the marvellously preserved weapons of the Armour Court. Cowed perhaps by the shabby condition of his own relics, and hobbled by his ignorance of a true value that had little to do with aesthetics, Dodd that day accepted a bargain-basement five hundred dollars from Currelly for his assemblage.

GETTY/LORADO

Currelly was elated. He was confident that he had just purchased "the biggest historical find … that has ever been made in America." Dodd had surrendered the remnants of a tenth-century Viking grave he had chanced upon while blasting a trench on a mining claim near the town of Beardmore, Ontario, a few miles east of Lake Nipigon.

That Dodd had not found a Viking grave, and instead had perpetrated a clumsy hoax with authentic relics, would not be unequivocally exposed for another twenty years. In the meantime, Dodd's astounding find was put on prominent display in the ROM's Armour Court, where it remained and was upheld as proof not only that the Norse reached North America, as the Vinland sagas suggested, but that they had also travelled deep into the heart of the continent. In Currelly's interpretation, a party of Norsemen had sailed into Hudson and James bays, then ventured inland via the Albany River, eventually reaching Lake Nipigon. In attempting to reach Lake Superior by following the Blackwater River, one of the party's members had died by unknown means and had been buried by his comrades. The fact that no body was found with the burial armoury was explained with the suggestion that wild animals had unearthed the corpse and dragged it away, leaving the iron weapons behind.

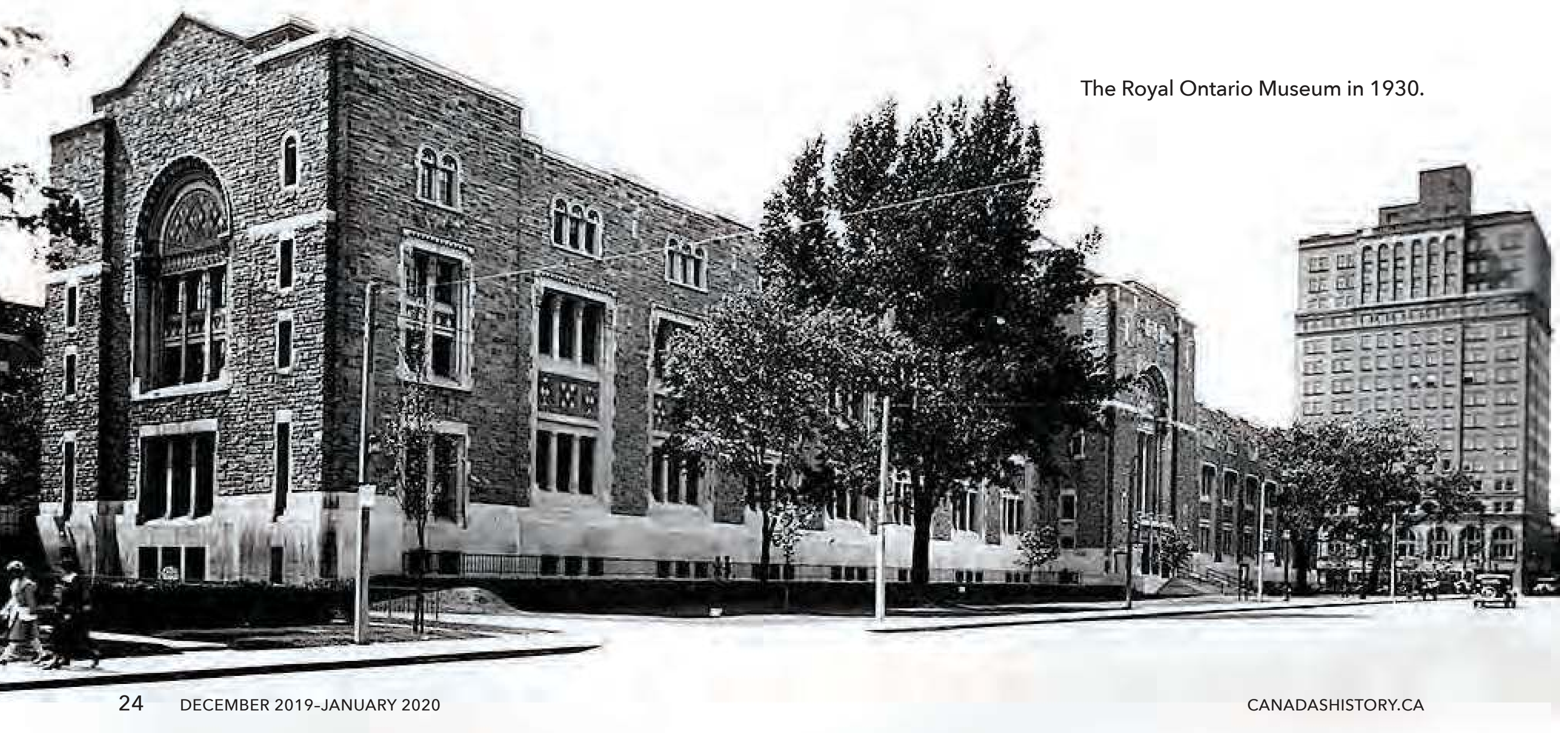
Charles Trick Currelly was director of the Royal Ontario Museum's archaeology division when the supposed Viking artifacts came to his attention in 1936.

The Beardmore relics form a classic, if complex, hoax story, which has been addressed at least perfunctorily several times over the years. But there is another level to the story. It speaks volumes about how power can be exercised through and across professional networks. The relics did not stay on display for almost twenty years, corrupting our understanding of the European outreach to the Americas, simply because the hoax was a sophisticated crime that would have fooled any expert. From the beginning, Dodd's discovery had abundant, obvious problems. Some problems were well-known and publicly aired before the relics first went on display at the ROM in October 1938. Other problems ought to have been obvious to Currelly, who went beyond turning a blind or incurious eye to them and crossed the ethical line into torquing the authenticity case and obstructing efforts to get at the truth.

While Eddy Dodd was nominally the perpetrator of the Beardmore hoax, he was no master criminal. Rather, the scholarly world perpetrated the hoax on itself by failing to pursue basic questions about Dodd's story, declining to insist on anything resembling a proper archaeological investigation of the discovery site, and silencing the alarm bells set off by the weapons typology. Currelly and his supporters wanted too badly to have physical proof (finally) of a Norse presence in North America — after all, the L'Anse aux Meadows site in northern Newfoundland, which remains the only accepted Norse site on this continent, was not found until 1960. Scholars also arrogantly believed that Dodd was too unsophisticated to fool an eminent figure like Currelly, without considering that perhaps Currelly was fooling *them*.

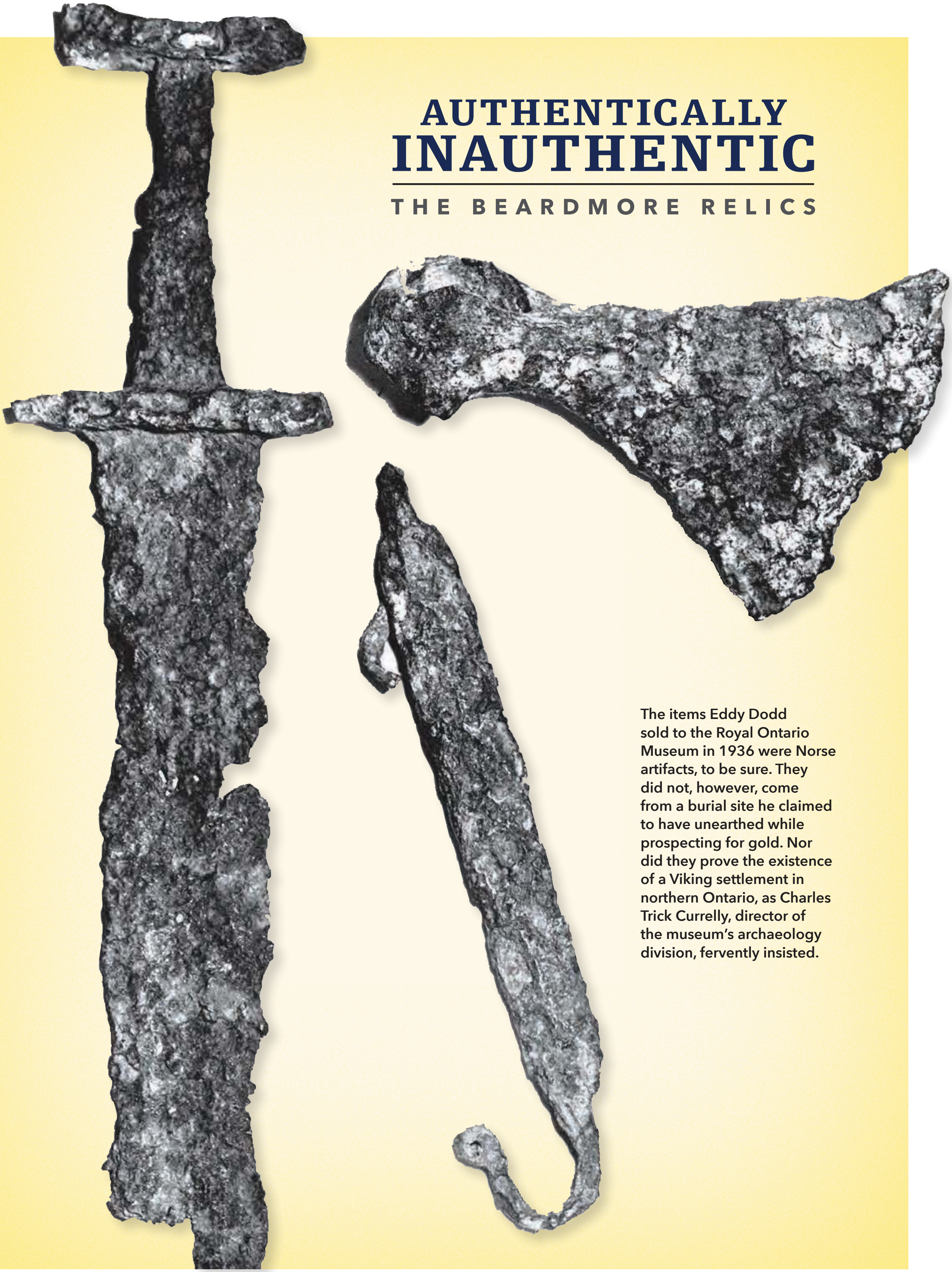
Before being hired as the founding director of the ROM's archaeology division, Currelly had made his reputation as a

TOP: ROM2008_9806_1. BOTTOM: CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES


The Royal Ontario Museum in 1930.

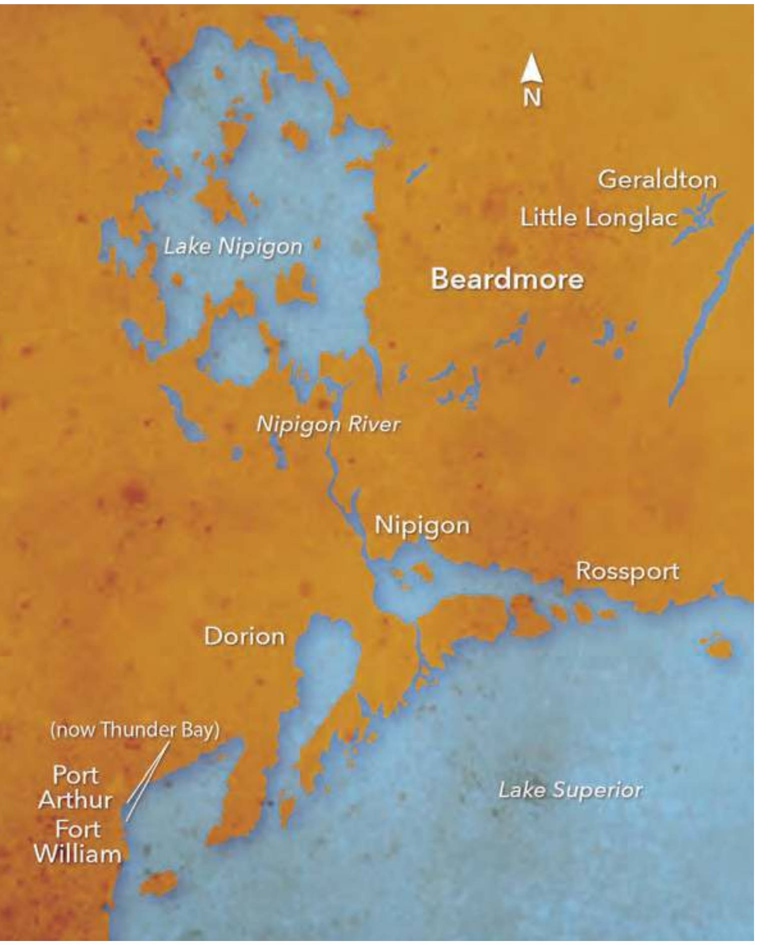
AUTHENTICALLY INAUTHENTIC

THE BEARDMORE RELICS



SWORD DETAIL, AXE HEAD, RANGLE/ROM2018_16184_4

The items Eddy Dodd sold to the Royal Ontario Museum in 1936 were Norse artifacts, to be sure. They did not, however, come from a burial site he claimed to have unearthed while prospecting for gold. Nor did they prove the existence of a Viking settlement in northern Ontario, as Charles Trick Currelly, director of the museum's archaeology division, fervently insisted.



The items that came to be known as the Beardmore relics were said to have been discovered northeast of what is now Thunder Bay, Ontario.

MAP COURTESY DOUGLAS HUNTER. ILLUSTRATED BY MATT YATHON

young field assistant to the renowned Egyptologist Flinders Petrie. In his native Toronto, and among the academics who were charmed by his lunchtime tales at the University of Toronto's Victoria College, where he had earned a master's degree, Currelly was a living legend. He had risked death at the hands of hostile desert tribes and developed a highly trained eye that, supposedly, no fake could fool, in an antiquities market that was flooded with them. Currelly had built one of the world's great archaeological collections, and, as ROM historian Lovat Dickson has observed, "Everyone was dazzled by Currelly." The editor of his memoir, Northrop Frye, called Currelly's life story "one of the most amazing to come out of Ontario."

Through a combination of fear of Currelly's power, respect for his long and illustrious career, deference to institutional reputation, and collegial, class, and institutional loyalties, Currelly's colleagues allowed the museum director to get away with claims about the Beardmore acquisition that were misleading at best and either completely unsubstantiated or outright lies at worst. Major scholarly publications like *Geographical Journal* and *Antiquity* accepted his word on the Beardmore find. The Canadian press was in the habit of checking items related to Currelly or the ROM's archaeology division with him before the stories ran. Currelly invariably assured editors that the hoax case was rot, and potential stories went unpublished. In defence of the press, Currelly had an outsized international reputation, and editors were only heeding his expertise.

Even though the Beardmore discovery was a hoax, we can be confident that the relics themselves are authentic, tenth-century Norse materials. So how did Dodd come upon authentic relics? The short answer, drawing on a complex body of largely circumstantial evidence, is that he found them in the basement of a house he was renting at 33 Machar Avenue in Port Arthur.

The house belonged to a building contractor named James Hansen. While Hansen was living at 33 Machar in the late 1920s, he had a tenant and sometimes employee, a fellow Norwegian immigrant named John (Jens) Bloch. Bloch's father, Andreas Bloch, was a well-known Norwegian illustrator of Viking scenes who owned Norse relics. When John Bloch immigrated to Canada in the early 1920s, he brought some of his late father's relics with him, in defiance of Norwegian laws that forbade the export of such cultural materials. When Bloch needed money, Hansen agreed to guarantee a bank loan for him: If Bloch defaulted, any monies owing would be charged to Hansen's account. In a private understanding, Bloch gave the relics to Hansen to hold as collateral. When Bloch defaulted on the loan and fled Port Arthur (dying in Vancouver in 1936), he left Hansen with both the debt and the relics, which were stored in the basement of 33 Machar.

In September 1931, Dodd moved into the building where he stumbled on the relics. When he moved out, in March 1933, he took the relics with him. While various people would swear in affidavits that they had seen the relics at one of Dodd's claims, or in Dodd's previous home on Wilson Street, in 1930 or 1931, those recollections were either faulty or contrived. I am confident that Dodd didn't tell anyone about the relics, or show them to visitors to his mining claim, until the spring of 1933, after he moved out of 33 Machar.

Dodd was a great storyteller and a low-grade con man. I firmly believe that he never set out to fool the ROM (or any other institution), let alone to sell the relics, even though he would talk about *almost* having sold them before the ROM deal. The relics were a novel conversation starter, a way to capture the attention of strangers so he could pitch them on investing in his worthless mining claims. The relics were part of a larger con, because money Dodd solicited for prospecting had a way of drifting into his household expenditures, especially as the Great Depression bit hard and steady railway work was harder to come by. A veteran of the First World War who had been physically aged by his experience of the trenches, Eddy had a wife and three children to support.

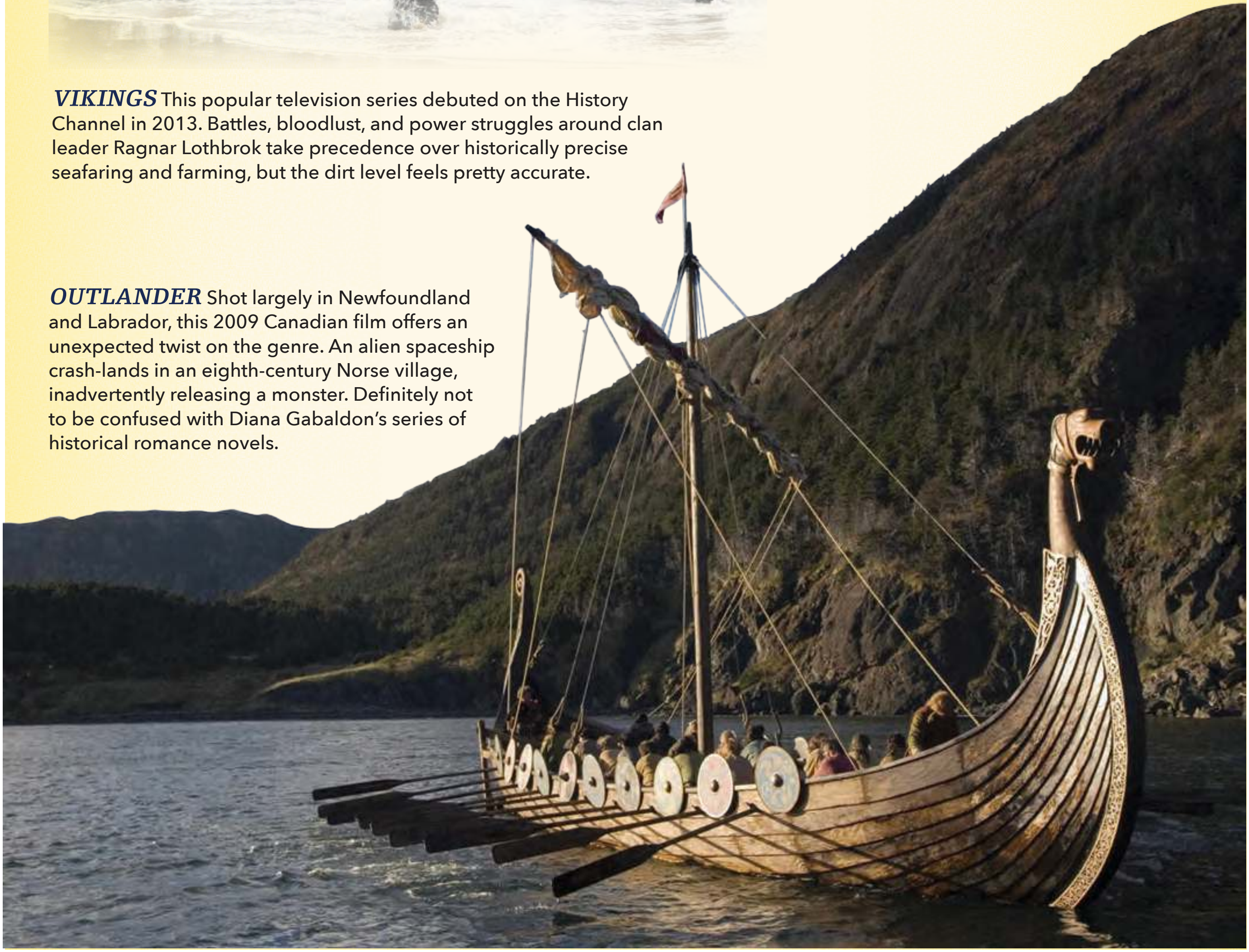
Among the people Dodd entertained with his discovery story was a schoolteacher, Otto Christopher "Teddy" Elliott. Dodd and Elliott met on a train in July 1934, when

FAMOUS FAKE VIKINGS

With their long hair, striking design sense, and pantheon of hard-edged deities, Vikings have captured our imagination for centuries. In fact, most Norse were farmers or craftspeople who didn't pillage monasteries or cross icy northern seas to set up colonies. The reality hasn't stopped romanticized pop culture depictions ranging from J.R.R. Tolkien's Rohirrim to heavy metal album covers. Film and television in particular seem to love Vikings, often drawing on fable as much as fact in their depictions. — *Nancy Payne*

THE VIKINGS Kirk Douglas, above, starred as Einar and Tony Curtis played his brother Eric in this 1958 non-classic movie based on the novel by Edison Marshall.

VIKINGS This popular television series debuted on the History Channel in 2013. Battles, bloodlust, and power struggles around clan leader Ragnar Lothbrok take precedence over historically precise seafaring and farming, but the dirt level feels pretty accurate.



OUTLANDER Shot largely in Newfoundland and Labrador, this 2009 Canadian film offers an unexpected twist on the genre. An alien spaceship crash-lands in an eighth-century Norse village, inadvertently releasing a monster. Definitely not to be confused with Diana Gabaldon's series of historical romance novels.

TOP RIGHT: MOVIESTORE COLLECTION LTD / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO.
TOP LEFT: ALLSTAR PICTURE LIBRARY / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO
BOTTOM: MOVIESTORE COLLECTION LTD / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

Eddy hopped aboard near Beardmore as Elliott was returning to Port Arthur and Fort William (since merged to create Thunder Bay) from some part-time prospecting of his own at Little Longlac, Ontario. Elliott had taught school for a time in Fort William and returned most summers to visit his wife's family. Dodd regaled Elliott with the discovery story and invited him to his house to see the relics. Elliott took down the address but passed on the opportunity, as Dodd had been drinking, and he didn't know how much to believe him. In August 1936, Elliott was about to start a new job as head of the commercial department at Kingston Collegiate and Vocational Institute in Kingston, Ontario. Back in Thunder Bay for another summer visit, he decided to finally see Dodd's relics. After interviewing Dodd and making sketches of the relics, he wrote to the ROM to alert the archaeology division to the find.

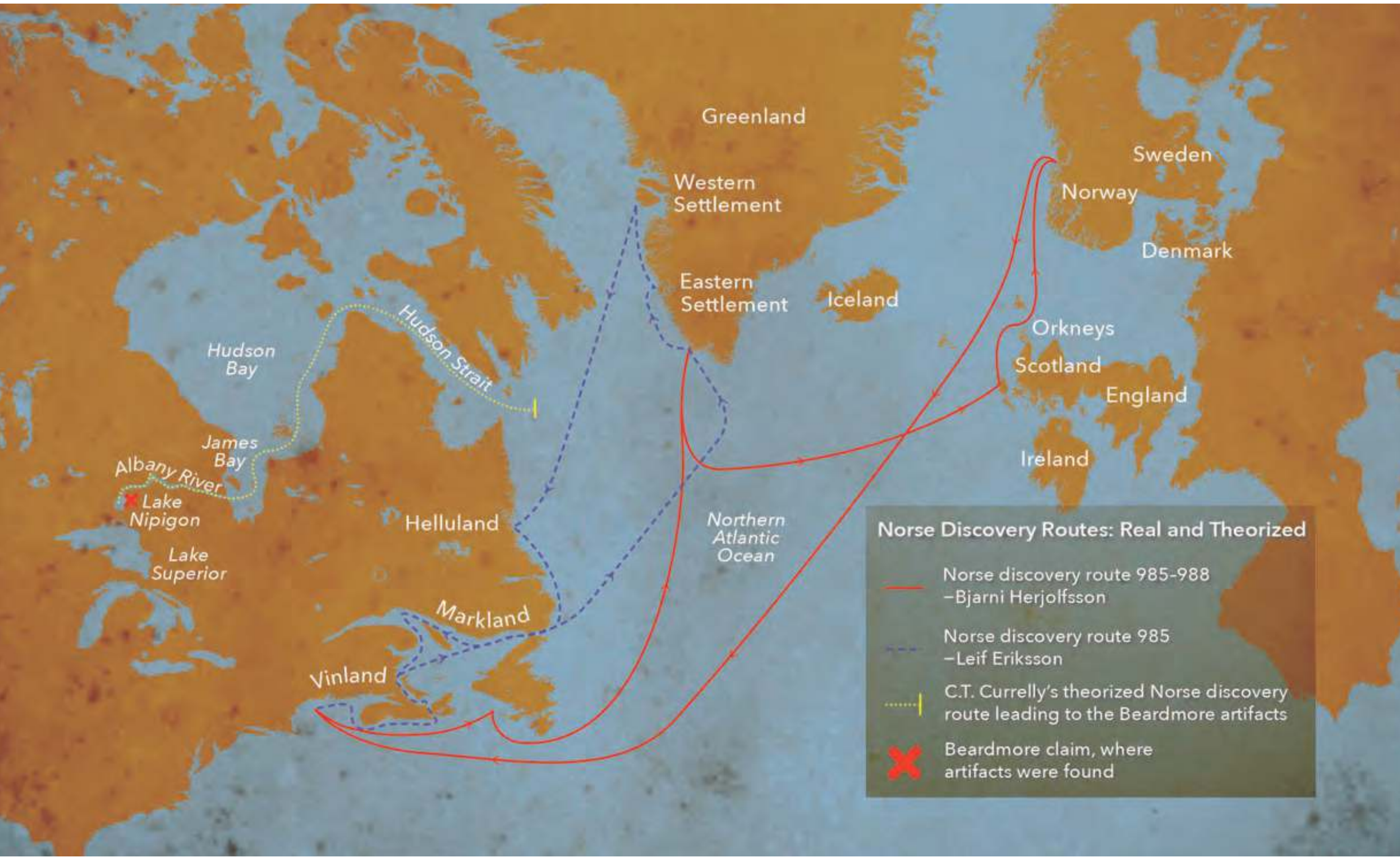
Had Elliott not shown up unannounced at Dodd's house in 1936, the relics probably never would have made it to the museum. Dodd seemed to have given up the con and no longer had an active claim at the discovery site. Currelly would recall how Elliott's letter electrified him, saying the drawings "sent me right up in the air." Using funds from the provincial Ministry of Education, Currelly brought Dodd and the relics to Toronto. Hard-pressed, Dodd could not resist Currelly's offer of five hundred dollars, provided by museum patron Sigmund Samuel. Dodd handed over the relics, signed a statement on the discovery, and expected never to be publicly identified as their source.

Knowing the discovery would be challenged by scholars, Currelly delayed announcing the acquisition. Thomas F. McIlwraith, the ROM's curator of ethnology and the head of the anthropology department of the University of Toronto, was dispatched to visit the discovery site with Dodd in September 1937. After a cursory, one-day site inspection, McIlwraith concluded that Dodd was telling the truth. McIlwraith's report to Currelly (never published or otherwise released) endorsed the idea that the items were left by a Viking party travelling southward from Hudson and James bays. McIlwraith supported the grave interpretation, even though no human remains were ever found. More to the point, no one ever looked for them. There was never anything like a proper archaeological investigation of the site, and by the fall of 1938 Currelly was actively discouraging the idea of undertaking one.

In December 1937, Currelly began his belated research into the items' typology. He wrote ten international scholars, all prominent Scandinavianists and archaeologists, enclosing a small photograph of the three objects and a deliberately vague description. He assured the recipients that the assemblage was from a Viking grave, but he did not tell them where it was, or even that it was in North America. Currelly only wanted them to confirm the age and classification of the weapons. Most of the experts obliged as best they could, although some refused to co-operate without more information. A few asked if the grave was in Canada. Currelly refused to answer that essential question, and he disregarded one prominent archaeologist's assurance that the so-called shield handle was no such thing, because Norse shields did not have metal handles. Some of his experts also struggled with the fact that the sword

Eddy Dodd (right) and a second man, Fletcher Gill, at the site of the supposed Beardmore discovery, November 14, 1938.

ROM 12.9.2.5; ROM2018_16184_2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Helluland
Markland
Vinland
Northern Atlantic Ocean
Norse Discovery Routes: Real and Theorized
Norse discovery route 985–988 –Bjarni Herjolfsson
Norse discovery route 985 –Leif Eriksson
C.T. Currelly's theorized Norse discovery route leading to the Beardmore artifacts
Beardmore claim, where artifacts were found

C.T. Currelly used the lantern slide on which this drawing is based as part of a 1938 lecture titled "The Norse Sea Rovers." He used the map to highlight his theory that Vikings crossed the Hudson Strait and travelled south through James Bay and various river systems, ending up near the present-day community of Beardmore in northern Ontario.

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT YATHON

and the axe appeared to come from two different, barely overlapping eras. Examples of Currelly's sword and axe had never been found together in numerous known Norse graves. Currelly ignored the warning signs and confidently claimed that unnamed experts were in complete agreement that the weapons were from a circa AD 950 Norse grave.

On Currelly's considerable authority, the Beardmore relics would be accepted as proof that Vikings had visited the Great Lakes region. Although they appeared to date to the tenth century, Dodd's relics gave implicit support to the contested authenticity of Minnesota's Kensington runestone, "discovered" in 1898. Its runic inscription supposedly described a late fourteenth-century expedition on which ten members were killed in a clash with Indigenous people. The Kensington stone had quickly been dismissed as a hoax by runologists and other Scandinavian scholars, but the case for its authenticity had been revived by Hjalmar Holand, a Wisconsin fruit farmer and amateur historian. Holand won over a number of international scholars with his published arguments in favour of the stone, although runologists and Scandinavian specialists were not among them.

Holand visited the ROM in November 1937 and was shown the Beardmore relics, which still had not been revealed to the public. Currelly, like several members of the museum director's scholarly circle, believed the Kensington stone was authentic. The Kensington stone and the Beardmore relics, both hoaxes, became mutually supportive evidence for Norse penetrations of North America. Currelly began to imagine a display of artifacts that proved a Norse presence in the Great Lakes.

After news of Dodd's discovery and the museum's purchase (still not on display) leaked in the press in January 1938, counterclaims immediately arose. Eli Ragotte, a railway brakeman in Winnipeg, contended that he was the one who found the relics, in the basement of a Port Arthur house, owned by James Hansen, in which he had once lived with Dodd. Hansen affirmed that he had acquired the relics from John Bloch. The stories of Ragotte and Hansen, however, had enough inconsistencies to make skeptics suspect that Hansen at least was concocting a counterclaim to the relics in hope of a financial windfall.

In the spring of 1938, Currelly quietly turned to a purported eyewitness to Dodd's discovery, John Drew Jacob, to investigate the hoax contentions. A former provincial game warden in the Thunder Bay area who kept the museum's zoology division informed on local bird matters, Jacob had provided Currelly with a statement a few days

THE ROM'S REAL NORSE TREASURES

While the Beardmore relics at the Royal Ontario Museum are a curiosity worth a visit, the museum has other items from the Viking era on display, too. These artifacts demonstrate Norse skill with metal and stone, as well as the culture's enduring motifs.

VIKING SWORD Measuring nearly one metre long, this hand-forged sword has a blade of iron or steel, an iron pommel, and copper and silver inlay on its hilt.

BOAR'S HEAD BROOCH Typical Norse designs stand out on this engraved cast-bronze brooch from Gotland, Sweden. The brooch dates from about the year 850.

BOX BROOCH WITH BIRD MOTIF An artisan carefully etched four stylized birds into the lid of this copper box brooch dating from roughly 1,500 years ago.

SWORD GUARD This sword guard, carved and drilled from an antler, would have been placed at right angles to a sword's blade, providing protection for the wielder's hand.

RIGHT: SWORD/ROM2004_1029_14, CENTRE: SWORD GUARD /ROM930.83.1_2_2016,
TOP LEFT: BOAR'S HEAD BROOCH/ROM2011_12102_12, BOTTOM LEFT: BOX BROOCH WITH BIRD MOTIFS ROM918.46.1_1_3K

after the museum's purchase, endorsing Dodd's find. Over the course of two more statements, Jacob alleged that he had visited Dodd's mining claim shortly after the discovery and had seen a rusted impression left by the sword in the underlying rock. Jacob became Currelly's star corroborative witness, buffed as a "government man" from a "good family," even though he had not been employed by the provincial fish and game department since 1934.

Jacob's role in the hoax remains elusive. He unquestionably wanted to make himself useful to the museum's archaeology division, as he already was to the zoology division, and he probably helped Dodd shape his discovery story. But once Jacob became involved with Currelly, he blazed his own factual trail, which would create problems with Dodd's inconsistent account. Jacob's greatest service to Currelly, beyond personally endorsing the find's authenticity, involved his efforts in the spring of 1938 to round up eyewitnesses who could attest to having seen the sword in Dodd's possession while Dodd was living in a house on Wilson Street, before moving into 33 Machar in September 1931. Jacob also interviewed several members of the Thunder Bay area's Scandinavian immigrant community, who contended that Hansen's story was not credible and that Hansen was a lunatic. Overlooked was Jacob's own eccentric reputation. A prominent Fort William lawyer assured Currelly in 1940 that Jacob "was a sort of dreamer … and was generally regarded locally as a man who did not have a well-balanced mind."

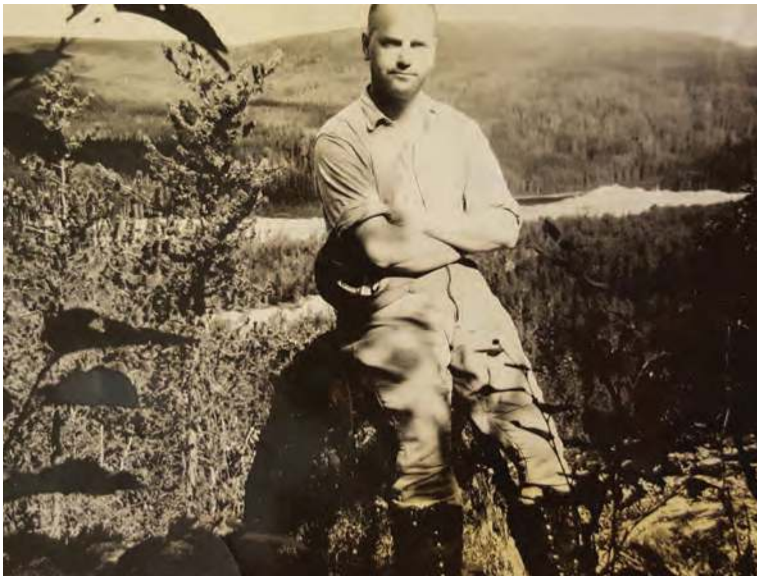
Abundant problems emerged with Dodd's story, as he had told different accounts of when he had come upon the relics. In one version, he found them in May 1933 and left them at the claim for two months before bringing them home. If that were the case, he definitely could have stolen them from Hansen, as Dodd had lived at 33 Machar, where Hansen said he had left the relics, from September 1931 to March 1933. Dodd also told the press in January 1938 that he had found them in May 1931 and left them at the claim for two years — which again meant that he had only brought them home after he moved out of 33 Machar. Through Jacob, the museum began to gather evidence to shift the discovery to May 1930, when Dodd was living on Wilson Street and more than a year before he moved into 33 Machar. Dodd agreed to the timing change. By back dating the discovery, it would not even matter if Hansen had acquired Norse relics from John Bloch, as Dodd would have had his own relics long before he became a tenant of Hansen's.

The museum's authenticity case was buttressed by a crusading newspaper publisher and editor, James W. (Jim) Curran of the *Sault Ste. Marie Daily Star*. In August 1938, Curran began writing a multi-part newspaper series (which in 1939 became a book, *Here Was Vinland*) contending that the Vinland of the sagas was in the Great Lakes region, with Lake Nipigon at its heart. Curran investigated Dodd's claims, gathered supportive affidavits, and declared the Beardmore find authentic. Emboldened by Curran's findings, which were publicized in the Toronto press, Currelly at last put the Beardmore relics on display in October 1938 and made his own confident pronouncement of their authenticity.

Currelly can be forgiven somewhat for insisting on the authenticity of the Beardmore find, given the many problems that arose with the hoax case. The stories of Ragotte and Hansen did not precisely agree, and Hansen had offered different versions of how the relics came to him. After Ragotte viewed the relics at the museum in September 1938, he signed affidavits for both Curran and the museum stating that the items were not the ones he had previously claimed to have seen in the basement of 33 Machar. Ragotte was also critical of Hansen in private letters, suggesting that Hansen had tried to get him to change his story to better fit his own and alleging that Hansen had once told him he had personally brought the relics from Norway. Another Hansen story held that Bloch had dug up the relics in the basement of 33 Machar.

Skeptics failed to appreciate that Hansen was trying to circumvent the problem of the relics having been removed illegally from Norway by Bloch. Hansen too was under terrible public pressure, essentially denounced as a liar by Curran and Currelly (who threw in "almost a mental case" for good measure) and ostracized from the Scandinavian community in the Thunder Bay area, which was proud of the discovery. For the rest of his life, Hansen would try to save face and to placate the local Scandinavian community by maintaining two separate realities. In the largely private one, he was convinced that the relics Dodd sold to the museum (especially after finally seeing them on display in 1954) were the ones he acquired from Bloch. In the public one, by which he tried to keep his fellow Scandinavian immigrants happy, Hansen held that he acquired relics from Bloch that had later gone missing, but that Dodd appeared to have sold different items to the museum.

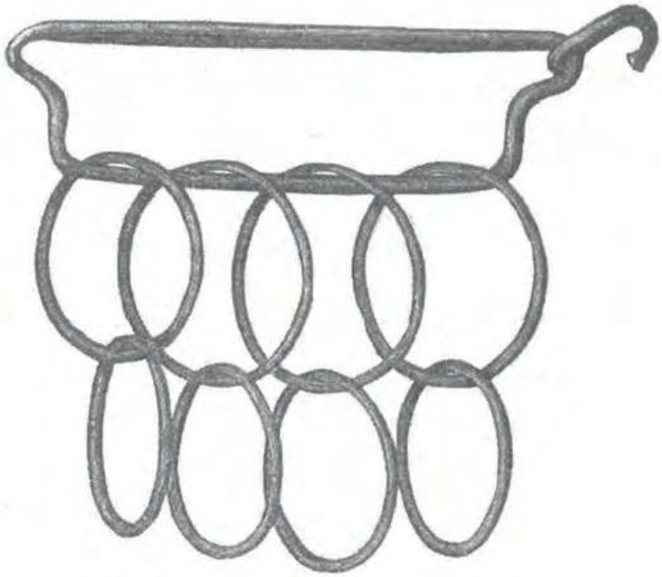
Currelly initially planned to have a scientific report on the discovery published by the provincial government. It was to be written by his ultimate boss, the deputy minister of education and a former history professor at Queen's University, Duncan McArthur. McArthur, however, backed away from writing the report in November 1937, evidently not persuaded that the find was genuine. Currelly was left to write up the discovery himself, and after making numerous assurances that a report was about to appear in the museum's *Bulletin* he finally published a short article instead in *Canadian Historical Review* in March 1939. The breezy account, lacking critical details, raised red flags with two men who became the greatest doubters of the museum's acquisition.



Schoolteacher Teddy Elliott, shown at a prospecting site near Longlac, Ontario, in the 1930s, wrote to the Royal Ontario Museum describing the Beardmore items after meeting Eddy Dodd on a train.

IMAGE COURTESY OF SUSAN MACLATCHIE

One doubter was Thomas Leslie Tanton, a respected geologist with Canada's Dominion Geological Survey who was an expert on the Thunder Bay region. Tanton had been sure that Dodd's find was a hoax even before the ROM purchased the relics. After news of the find had leaked in the Thunder Bay press in August 1936, Tanton contacted Teddy Elliott, who had been mentioned in the article. One aspect of Dodd's discovery that Elliott shared with Tanton was the claim that the sword had been fused with the underlying schist and that he had broken it when trying to extract it. Tanton knew that there was no conceivable way a thousand-year-old sword could be intermingled with bedrock some six hundred million years old, and he informed Elliott that a hoax was the most likely explanation.



The top part of this rangle, or ranglene — Norse sleigh rattle — closely resembles the Beardmore item purported to be a shield handle.

DE NORSKE VIKINGESVERD

The other doubter was Elliott, who started out as a true believer. It took Tanton's persuasion, and Currelly's porous 1939 *Canadian Historical Review* article, to finally turn him against the find. Elliott and Tanton formed an amateur detective agency of sorts, performing impressive spadework that professional historians and archaeologists were unwilling to take on. While the pair endured the hostility of Currelly, who was loath to share information, they received quiet background support from two principal figures in the anthropology division of the Dominion Geological Survey, Diamond Jenness and William Wintemberg, who would not publicly challenge Currelly and the ROM. Anton Wilhelm Brøgger, Norway's leading archaeologist on things Norse, also loaned help. Brøgger endorsed their hoax case and asserted that the relics, especially the broken sword, were typical of a pagan Norse burial in eastern Norway, a region that never produced voyages to North America. Elliott and Tanton changed the minds of significant supporters of Dodd in Thunder Bay, and they tracked down John Bloch's widow in Vancouver, who agreed that her late husband had possessed relics that he surrendered to Hansen.

They also endured at-times-bizarre setbacks. Brøgger was lost to them as a valued source when the Nazis invaded Norway in April 1940, cutting off further communication. Their fruitless pursuit of an interview of Currelly's star witness and investigator, John Jacob, ended when Jacob staged his own disappearance by faking his drowning death in a northern lake in May 1940. Jacob never resurfaced. Eli Ragotte was run over by his own train in December 1940, before they could secure a final, coherent account. And Elliott's efforts to publicize their findings were rebuffed by numerous publications that deferred to Currelly's authority.

They caught a break when Lawrence J. Burpee, a prominent Canadian civil servant and historian, arranged for Elliott to deliver an account of his findings at the annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Academy in May 1940. That's when Currelly and his supporters began to play hardball. Before Elliott could begin delivering his paper, W.S. Wallace, chief librarian at the University of Toronto and honorary editor of the annual *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, took to the podium first and monopolized much of Elliott's presentation time with a pre-emptive account of the museum's case for the find's authenticity. Elliott still hoped that his paper would reach a wider audience when it was published in the forthcoming issue of *Transactions*, but as editor Wallace had another card to play. Using a wartime budget shortage as a pretext, he persuaded historian James Kenney that *Transactions* should not include papers written by non-society members. In a stroke, Elliott's paper was spiked.

The heavy-handedness backfired. Although Burpee and Tanton accepted that Elliott's paper had been dropped on defensible grounds, they, along with Kenney (who never shared the full details of Wallace's manoeuvring), felt strongly that the paper still deserved to be published and that the most sensible forum was the *Canadian Historical Review*. Kenney in particular prevailed upon the journal's editor, George Brown, to do so.

Brown consented to work with Elliott but demanded an article that evenly presented both sides of the authenticity case, to which Elliott agreed. Elliott was required to have his article vetted by McIlwraith, who clung firmly to the authenticity case. After months of article preparation, Brown tried to get Elliott to write a new version that essentially endorsed the authenticity. Elliott refused, and, when he and Tanton began taking steps to publish his original paper in an American journal, Brown backed off and allowed the prepared article to go to press. But in a last-minute power play Currelly wrested from Brown the right to pen a rebuttal in the same issue. Brown, to his credit, extended to Elliott his own right to rebut the rebuttal. The entire package appeared in the September 1941 issue of the *Canadian Historical Review*. While Elliott had made a far less forceful argument than he and Tanton would have liked, his article (and rebuttal) long remained the most authoritative case against the find.

Elliott's September 1941 article changed nothing. The Beardmore relics remained on display. Their label's wording was modified slightly after Currelly's retirement in 1946, but the Royal Ontario Museum stood by the find's authenticity. Remarkably, the authenticity case survived a major breakthrough by the Danish scholar Johannes Brøndsted, who recognized in the early 1950s that the so-called shield handle was actually the remnant of a rangle, a sleigh rattle found in male graves of the pagan Norse in eastern Norway. Dodd's discovery story had included him grabbing a shield by the handle and having the shield crumble as he tried to pull it out of the ground. If the "handle" was a pagan sleigh rattle, Dodd's entire story ought to have crumbled. But Brøndsted still managed to publish an account that sustained the likelihood of the find's authenticity, which testified to the almost toxic levels of collegiality in the greater museum community.

Fifteen years after Elliott's article appeared, the hoax finally collapsed. The relics attracted the curiosity of a popular young anthropology professor at the University of Toronto, Edmund S. Carpenter, whose office happened to be in the ROM. Born and educated in the United States, Carpenter had considerable archaeological experience and none of the institutional loyalties of so many figures that defended Currelly's purchase. Carpenter had reviewed a book on the Piltdown Man hoax, exposed in 1953, in which fragments from a human skull were combined with an ape's jaw to create what was believed for years to be the fabled missing link, billed as "the earliest Englishman." Carpenter was convinced that the Beardmore relics were another shoddy sham that had duped gullible if not complicit professionals.

The Beardmore hoax is one instance where the scholarly world managed to live up to the paranoid charges of the pseudo crowd.

Through Carpenter's public crusade, the museum reopened the Beardmore case in the fall of 1956, and several key witnesses came forward with statements that condemned the find. The most damaging of them was an affidavit volunteered by Walter Dodd, Eddy Dodd's stepson. Walter had been among the witnesses who had provided supportive affidavits to Jim Curran in the late 1930s. He had attested to being present when Eddy Dodd (who had died in 1954) made the discovery. Walter recanted, saying the relics were found in the basement of the house they were renting, and that he had been forced to sign the affidavit when he was young and was afraid of his father. He was so bothered by the fact that the Beardmore find was being taught as genuine history in school textbooks that he had decided to come forward to clear his conscience.

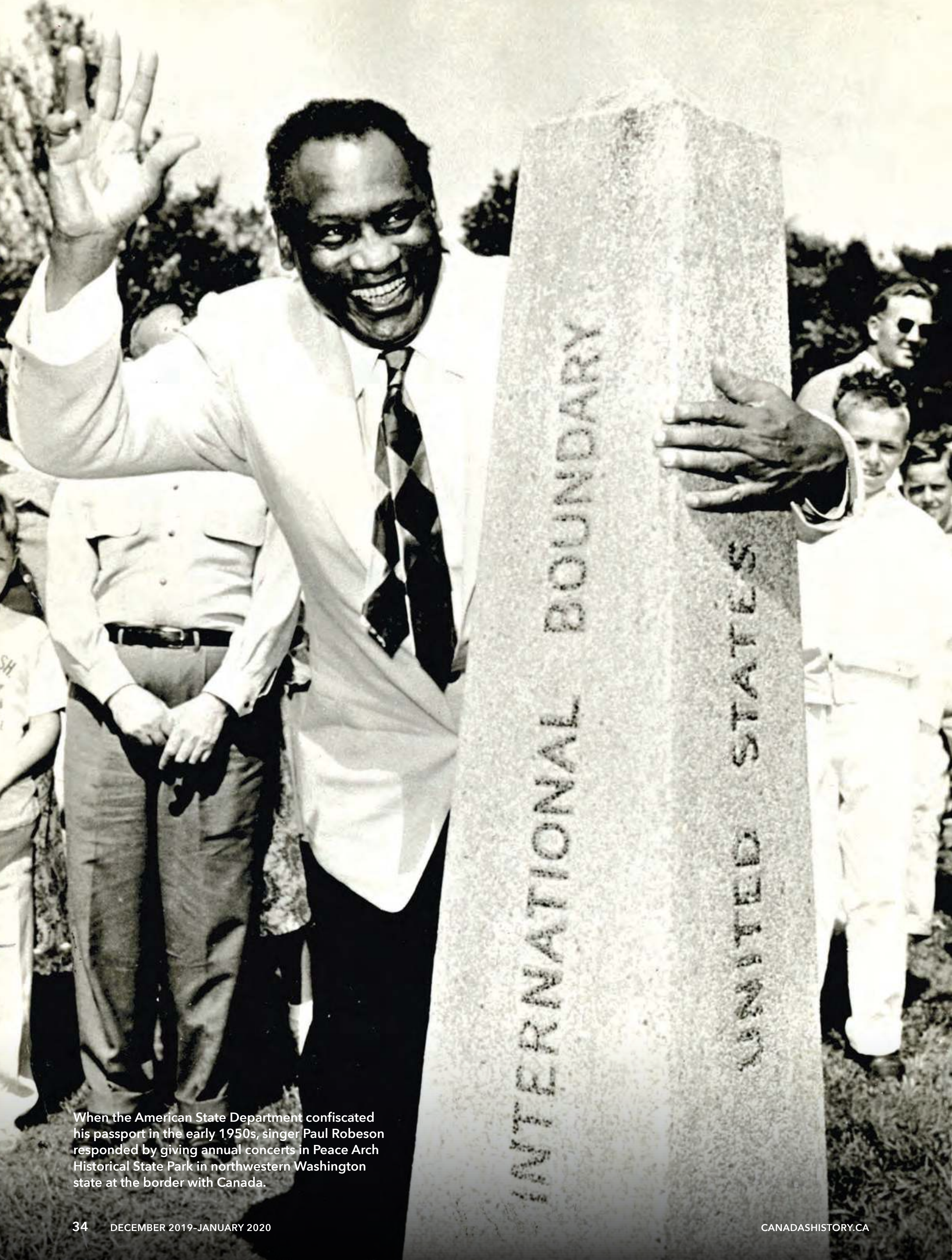
The relics were removed from display. Sometime in the late 1970s, the axe and sword went back on display as Norse relics, shorn of any mention of Beardmore. They can still be seen today on the museum's third floor.

For Currelly, the collapse of the hoax came at the worst possible time. He had just published his memoir, *I Brought the Ages Home*, in which he carelessly recounted the Beardmore controversy and dismissed the hoax case as "one of the silliest things that ever came up in the museum's history." Soon after Walter Dodd recanted, Currelly was admitted to hospital. He died the following spring, only days before a detailed article on the scandal by Robert Olson, "Was Our Biggest Historical Find Our Biggest Hoax?" appeared in *Maclean's* magazine on April 13, 1957.

Carpenter was not done with the case. He published a searing article in *American Anthropologist* in October 1957, just as he returned to the United States to teach in California. Carpenter declared that Olson's "often hilarious account indicates that for any informed person to have accepted this discovery subsequent to 1938 called for a naïveté beyond the capacity of ordinary minds." He saved his greatest condemnation for an article, "Frauds in Ontario Archaeology," in *Pennsylvania Archaeologist* in 1961. During the 1956 controversy, Carpenter recounted, he had appeared on television to debate the Beardmore find with A.D. Tushingham, who had become the ROM's director of art and archaeology in 1954. Carpenter alleged: "Before the show he informed me that what he thought privately, and what he said publicly about the relics, didn't necessarily coincide and that over television he felt obliged 'to represent the best interests of the Museum.' This he did by defending the relics." To Carpenter, Tushingham's intellectual duplicity was symptomatic of an "identification with institutional power," which he found stronger in Ontario than anywhere in North America. After Currelly's retirement, and even after his death, Carpenter charged that museum staff "defended these relics publicly, though they mocked them privately" out of misguided loyalty to Currelly and the ROM.

In the world of pseudo-history and pseudo-archaelogy — the realm where space aliens built pyramids, Romans constructed forts on the Ohio River, and Knights Templar and the secrets of the Holy Grail were everywhere — theorists shoot down scholarly criticism with a well-worn counterattack. The scholarly world, they charge, is a closed shop that is hostile to outside ideas, especially the ideas of innovative, non-accredited thinkers, and that protects its own. Scholars supposedly have a vested interest in maintaining a version of the past that is wrong, because that version is the basis of their power and their privilege. The Beardmore hoax is one instance where the scholarly world managed to live up to the paranoid charges of the pseudo crowd. That sad fact doesn't validate arguments that Templars were roaming North America before Columbus arrived in this hemisphere. But the scholarly failings of the Beardmore hoax are the most compelling part of a tangled story.

The ROM is a far different institution today than it was when Currelly reigned there unchallenged. I could never have spent several years investigating the Beardmore case without the enthusiastic co-operation of the museum's staff. But the perpetuation of the hoax by Currelly, and by those loyal to him, however genuinely some of them may have doubted the counter case, are why the Beardmore scandal still matters. Historians, archaeologists, museologists, and the general media need to understand how and why this hoax happened and should ask whether such a gross misadventure could happen again.


INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY
UNITED STATES

When the American State Department confiscated his passport in the early 1950s, singer Paul Robeson responded by giving annual concerts in Peace Arch Historical State Park in northwestern Washington state at the border with Canada.

A BRIEF PAROLE

African-American singer and activist Paul Robeson's short 1956 tour of Canada gave him a welcome respite from his treatment at home.

by David Frank

ON JULY 24, 1955, PAUL ROBESON was in good spirits. A photograph from his concert at the Peace Arch Park that day shows the great African-American singer and political activist playfully peering around the stone boundary marker on the international border between Washington state and British Columbia. He is smiling and waving, as if to laugh off the travel ban that had prevented him from leaving the United States for the previous five years.

Robeson, who was born in 1898, was one of the most accomplished Americans of his generation. His father was a runaway slave who became a minister in the Presbyterian Church in New Jersey. His mother came from a family of free blacks active in anti-slavery agitation. As a young man, Robeson distinguished himself as an athlete — he was a star college football player — and as a scholar — he was the first black man to graduate from Rutgers University, where he delivered the valedictory address in 1919. He went on to finish law school at Columbia University and then had a celebrated public career on the stage, including long runs as Othello in London and New York, where he was the first African-American to play Shakespeare's tragic hero in more than a century.

But Robeson became most famous as a gifted concert artist. His bass baritone filled the world's largest concert halls, and his recordings of classics, spirituals, show tunes, and folk and labour ballads were among the bestsellers of their time. His acclaimed 1939 radio performance of the folk cantata "Ballad for Americans" was a condensed version of American history that captured the unresolved tensions between the American dream and the American reality. It was no surprise that by the 1940s, his honours and awards included a prestigious citation, from what was then called the National Negro Museum, for "courage and devotion to the ideal upon which American democracy was founded." He also received the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's Spingarn Medal in 1945, "for distinguished achievement in the theatre and concert stage."

As most of the world also knew, in 1950 the American State Department had suspended Robeson's passport, stating that it

PACIFIC TRIBUNE ARCHIVE, SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY

Paul Robeson as Othello and Uta Hagen as Desdemona in a 1943-44 Broadway production of William Shakespeare's *Othello*.

ALAMY

was not in the interests of the United States for him to travel abroad. Robeson was considered too fierce a critic of racism at home and of imperialism abroad. And, in the context of the emerging Cold War, he was too sympathetic to calls for world peace and nuclear disarmament, which were skeptically called "the Soviet peace offensive." Robeson's passport applications were routinely refused, and border agents were instructed not to allow him to leave the country. The effect was to arrest Robeson's career as a performing artist and to reduce his profile as an activist. He had become, as Robeson put it, "a prisoner in his native land."

But in the summer of 1955 he was optimistic. It was the fourth year Robeson had come to the international border to perform at an annual union-sponsored picnic. Thousands of people gathered on the Canadian side to hear him sing and speak from the back of a flatbed truck parked on the edge of the boundary line. This year Robeson seemed to perform with more than his usual depth of feeling, as if he sensed that this could be the last of the Peace Arch concerts. In program notes, he had written that he saw signs of change in the political climate in the United States: "I look forward to an early victory in my long struggle to win the right to cross over the border at which we gather."

Robeson had reason to be hopeful. Only a few days earlier, the State Department had decided to grant permission for Robeson to go to Canada, travel that would not require a passport. It was a small concession, but he regarded this as a first step in his return to the world stage. At the Peace Arch, Robeson told his audience that he was looking forward to making a coast-to-coast Canadian tour in the near future. At the time, there were no objections from the Canadian government. When the matter was discussed at a federal cabinet meeting on July 28, it was agreed that Robeson could be admitted to Canada if an application was made.

WHEN ROBESON STEPPED ONTO THE STAGE AT MASSEY HALL FOR HIS CONCERT, HE RECEIVED A DEAFENING OVATION FROM THE OVERFLOW HOUSE OF 2,800 PEOPLE.

Toronto was the obvious place for him to start. Robeson had played there on repeated occasions in the 1940s and knew that he would have an eager audience. Also, he was determined to travel north to Sudbury, Ontario, to perform at the national convention of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, the union that had started the Peace Arch concerts after he was prevented from attending their 1952 convention in Vancouver.

In preparation for the visit, a Montreal-based agency, Jerom Concerts and Artists (sometimes spelled Jerome), had booked Toronto's premier venue, Massey Hall, for October. The event was billed as "Mr. Robeson's first concert appearance in Toronto since 1949." A few weeks later, Robeson's health took a bad turn, and plans were delayed while he underwent an operation. The fifty-seven-year-old Robeson was hospitalized for several weeks, but he did not forget his Canadian plans. He wrote to a Toronto associate in December saying, "I am looking forward to the early opportunity I shall have to greet you and all my other Canadian friends in person."

In January 1956, doctors pronounced Robeson ready to resume public activity. Notices for a concert at Massey Hall on February 11 appeared in the newspapers. Meanwhile, the Mine Mill union had changed the date of its convention to make it possible for Robeson to attend. He arrived at Toronto's Malton Airport on February 7 and entered the country without incident. It was his first time outside the United States in more than five years.

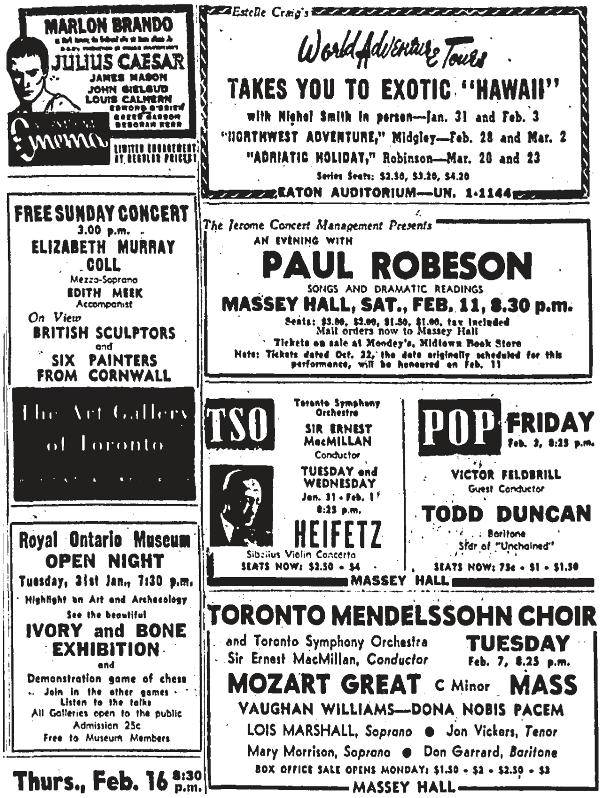
Some details of the visit were recalled years later by Lloyd

Above: Paul Robeson testifies in Washington on June 12, 1956, before the United States House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Right: An advertisement in the *Globe and Mail* promoted Robeson's 1956 concert at Toronto's Massey Hall.

Brown, who was acting as Robeson's manager at the time. Brown was an African-American novelist and editor who was assisting Robeson on a short autobiography that would be published in early 1958. He has recalled that the Canadian authorities originally issued a travel permit for five days, expecting them to leave the country the day after the Massey Hall concert. "If we were getting out of prison in the United States," said Brown, "it was going to be a brief parole." Once again, it was Mine Mill to the rescue. They were expecting Robeson to attend their meetings at the end of February, and after the union intervened Robeson received an extension for a full month. It came, however, with a proviso that he not make any "public addresses or appearances other than those authorized."

When Robeson stepped onto the stage at Massey Hall for his Saturday night concert, he received a deafening ovation from the overflow house of 2,800 people. For those who remembered him from earlier visits, Robeson looked thinner, evidently more frail than in the past, but still with the sure step of



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AN EVENING WITH
PAUL ROBESON
SONGS AND DRAMATIC READINGS
MASSEY HALL, SAT., FEB. 11, 8.30 p.m.
Seats: $3.00, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, tax included
Mail orders now to Massey Hall
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Note: Tickets dated Oct. 22, the date originally scheduled for this performance, will be honoured on Feb. 11

TSO
Toronto Symphony Orchestra
SIR ERNEST MacMILLAN
Conductor
TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
Jan. 31 - Feb. 1
8:25 p.m.
HEIFETZ
Sibelius Violin Concerto
SEATS NOW: $2.50 - $4

POP FRIDAY
Feb. 3, 8:25 p.m.
VICTOR FELDBRILL
Guest Conductor
TODD DUNCAN
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MASSEY HALL

Royal Ontario Museum
OPEN NIGHT
Tuesday, 31st Jan., 7:30 p.m.
Highlight on Art and Archaeology
See the beautiful
IVORY and BONE EXHIBITION
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Demonstration game of chess
Join in the other games
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TORONTO MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
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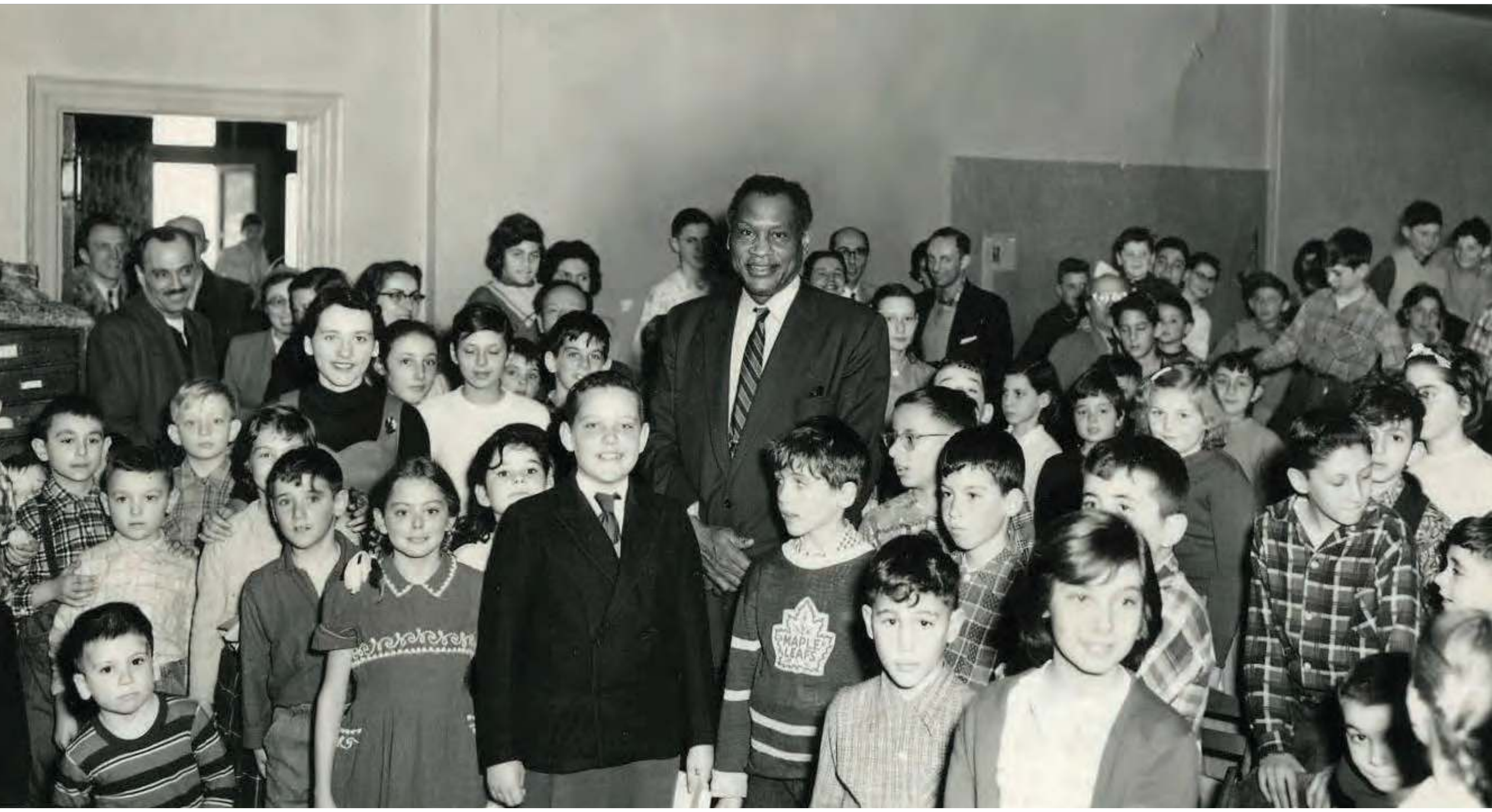
TUESDAY
Feb. 7, 8.25 p.m.
MOZART GREAT C Minor MASS
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS—DONA NOBIS PACEM
LOIS MARSHALL, *Soprano* ● Jon Vickers, *Tenor*
Mary Morrison, *Soprano* ● Don Garrard, *Baritone*
BOX OFFICE SALE OPENS MONDAY: $1.50 - $2 - $2.50 - $3
MASSEY HALL

Thurs., Feb. 16 8:30 p.m.

TOP: AP PHOTO/BILL ACHATZ. LOWER: PROQUEST HISTORICAL NEWSPAPERS: THE GLOBE AND MAIL



Paul Robeson appears with children at the United Jewish People's Order in Toronto, where in 1956 he performed an impromptu concert before leaving for an appearance in Sudbury, Ontario. He once told a friend, "When I sing to an audience of children, I am much freer than at any other time. Children will never hurt you."

UJPO ARCHIVES

the football player he had been in his youth. And as far as the audience was concerned, he had the same rich and expressive voice: forceful, elegant, grave, gentle, always impassioned.

Robeson began with a reading of the words to "O Canada," a kind of acknowledgement of appreciation to the audience. The program continued with one of his favourite spirituals, "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel." This was followed by a characteristic mix of songs from his wide repertoire: Beethoven, Schubert, Mussorgsky, and Dvorak flowed easily alongside lullabies and spirituals, folk and labour ballads. He also included a Canadian selection, "Un Canadien Errant," a song of exile from the aftermath of the 1837 rebellion. In the course of the evening, Robeson sang in English, French, Russian, Chinese, Persian, and Yiddish.

His introductions made no secret of his political views. Between songs, a police agent in attendance reported, Robeson "stated that he had worked for Peace, and also so that his people, wherever they may be, in Africa, India or America, could be free." Introducing a Chinese song, Robeson remarked on the universality of music, stating, according to the police notes, that "East is not East, and West is not West, and the Twain can meet." And in some songs, the agent reported, "the words were re-arranged to produce obvious Communist propaganda." It is not surprising to learn that Robeson was under surveillance. His hotel phone was tapped, but security forces seem to have discovered nothing more interesting than a round of visits to friends, theatres, restaurants, and bookstores.

BETWEEN THOSE TWO PUBLIC CONCERTS, ROBESON ALSO MADE AN IMPROMPTU VISIT TO PERFORM FOR CHILDREN AT THE UNITED JEWISH PEOPLE'S ORDER.

One highlight of the evening was Robeson's signature song, "Ol' Man River," which he had first performed in the London production of the musical *Showboat* in 1928. His personal version had evolved to replace the original theme of resignation with stronger words of resistance: "I keeps laffin', Instead of cryin', I must keep fightin', Until I'm dyin', And Ol' Man River, He'll just keep rollin' along!" The program ended with recitations from Shakespeare's *Othello* and Pablo Neruda's poem "Let the Rail Splitter Awake." His two encores, the plantation workers' song "Water Boy" and the labour anthem "Joe Hill," pointed to the legacies of racial oppression and labour struggle with which Robeson identified so closely. The concert ended with clapping, cheers, and whistles, and supporters described it as a triumph.

"It is doubtful any Massey Hall artist ever experienced the sheer adulation expressed by the capacity audience," wrote one reviewer — who also referred to Robeson disparagingly as a "once-great artist." Another critic commented, sourly, that the audience "appeared to be entirely satisfied with everything that went on, but I thought that neither the music nor the propaganda was particularly effective." Obviously the concert was both a cultural and a political occasion, and whatever the critics said the audience was more than satisfied.

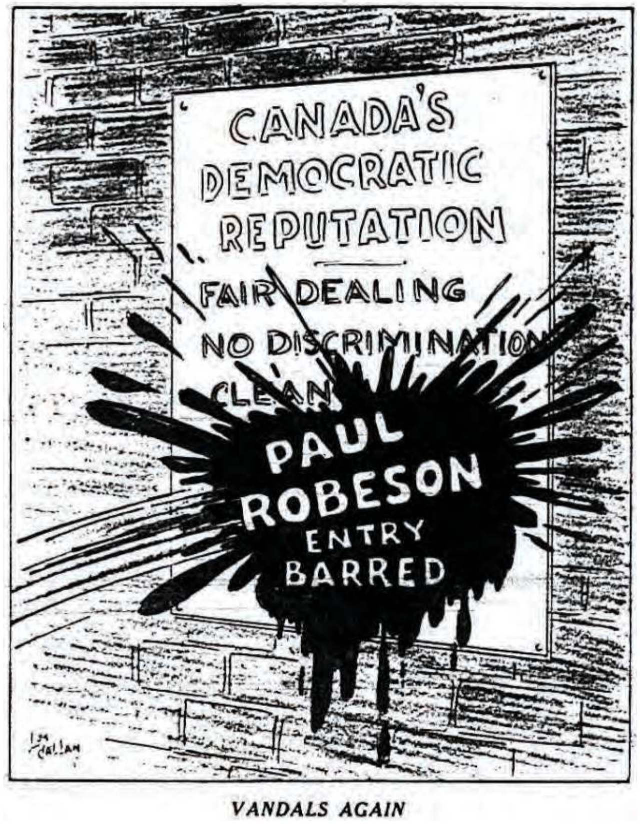
For Robeson's next public event, the union convention in Sudbury, there was trouble arranging to rent the Sudbury Arena, the community's largest public space. It was the kind of problem Robeson had often encountered in preceding years under the blacklist. When the application came before city council, the mayor, who had made inquiries about Robeson with the Department of Justice in Ottawa, objected to allowing use of the municipal facility for Robeson's concert. Although Sudbury was a Mine Mill stronghold, with the union representing thousands of workers at International Nickel and Falconbridge, Cold War tensions were running high, and Mine Mill was regularly under attack as a "red" union.

As a result, the concert was moved to the union hall, where Robeson performed much the same set as in Toronto, again to extended acclaim from the audience. There was also a dissatisfied critic, who wrote that there was only minor applause when Robeson performed a difficult classical passage but that as soon as he started "Joe Hill" audience members rose to their feet. "These miners liked Paul singing 'Joe Hill' more than Mussorgsky!" Brown later recalled.

Between those two public concerts, Robeson also made an impromptu visit to perform for children at the United Jewish People's Order, the Toronto branch of a leftist social and cultural fraternal organization. On previous visits, Robeson had performed with the Toronto Jewish Folk Choir, and he was happy to renew the friendship. As his ostensible manager, Brown wanted to keep Robeson in good form for the trip to Sudbury. Accordingly, when he agreed to bring Robeson to the United Jewish People's Order hall, he warned that Robeson would say a few words and sing, but no more than one song. As Brown has recalled, Robeson completely ignored the agreement. "He spoke, he sang at length. I remember the sweat was pouring down his face, and afterwards he spoke to the children. He did a lot of singing, and I was just so worried."

When they returned to the hotel, Brown related in a later interview, "Paul asked me, 'What did you think of my singing?' I said, 'Paul, all I could think of was I was worrying.... I really didn't notice.' 'Well,' he says, 'you should have noticed. I sang better there than I did at Massey Hall. When I sing to an audience of children, I am much freer than at any other time. Children will never hurt you.'" Robeson went on to explain how strongly he felt about giving memorable performances for children. "Chances are, these children are never going to hear me again. I want them to remember me at my best. I want them to really remember how I sang. I want it to be a lifelong impression for them."

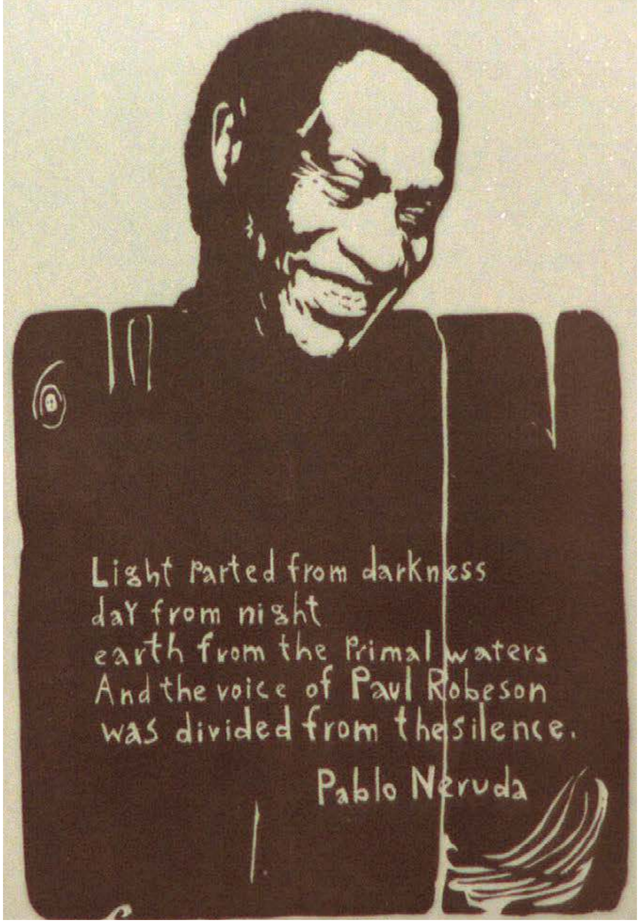
TOP: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA. LOWER: GRAPHIC BY LES CALLAN/TORONTO STAR (1956)



Top: Minister of Citizenship and Immigration Jack Pickersgill recommended that Robeson be refused permission to tour Canada in 1956, describing the singer as "a professed communist."

Above: A 1956 cartoon from the *Toronto Star* captured Canada's hypocrisy in denying Robeson entry for his planned concert tour.

The success of the Massey Hall concert encouraged his Canadian sponsors to go ahead with plans for a full tour across Canada. As announced in early April 1956, the itinerary included seventeen cities, beginning with Montreal and Ottawa and ending in Vancouver, with concerts to be spread over five or six weeks in April and May. Other places on


Light parted from darkness
day from night
earth from the Primal waters
And the voice of Paul Robeson
was divided from the silence.
Pablo Neruda

Chilean poet and diplomat Pablo Neruda was a friend of Robeson, whose image appears above Neruda's poetry on this poster. The two men— along with artist Pablo Picasso— shared the International Peace Prize in 1950.

the tour included the Ontario cities of Windsor, London, Hamilton, Welland, Timmins, and Fort William as well as Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, and Edmonton.

Robeson's reception in Canada had given him a good deal of satisfaction, and on his return to New York he wrote to friends in Britain about the great warmth of the Canadian audiences. He soon turned his attention to preparing his repertoire and rehearsing, intent on renewing his performance skills ahead of the coming tour. His son purchased a reel-to-reel tape recorder and a supply of tapes for Robeson to use in reviewing his work.

Only a few days before the first of two concerts at the Windsor Hotel auditorium in Montreal, the tour was called off. Jerom Concerts announced that the Department of Citizenship and Immigration was refusing to allow Robeson to enter Canada. A government spokesman stated simply, "He will not be admitted under present auspices." It was an extraordinary situation, said manager John Boyd on behalf of Jerom Concerts, noting that it was fully unexpected in light of Robeson's recent visit. Moreover, he added, "To our knowledge not a single country in the British Commonwealth would today prevent Mr. Robeson coming in to give commercial concerts."

The responsibility for banning Robeson rested with Minister of Citizenship and Immigration Jack Pickersgill. He was an ultimate Ottawa insider, having worked as an assistant to prime ministers William Lyon Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent before entering cabinet. "Clear it with Jack" was a common byword on Parliament Hill, and few in government were prepared to second-guess him. At a cabinet meeting on March 29, 1956, Pickersgill recommended that Robeson be refused permission for the planned tour, and cabinet duly approved.

After the news broke on April 10, questions were asked in the House of Commons. Pickersgill's answer was, "It is not the policy of the government to admit known communists to this country." Robeson, he said, was "a professed communist" who was coming to Canada under "communist auspices." There was an obvious inconsistency — Robeson had visited two months earlier under the same sponsorship, and with the approval of the same minister and cabinet, who could hardly have been unaware of Robeson's reputation as a public figure.

There was also the inconvenient fact that, despite allegations, even the American Federal Bureau of Investigation had never been able to come up with proof that Robeson was a member of the Communist Party, even if that were sufficient grounds for exclusion. As for the sponsorship, it was true that the manager for Jerom Concerts was a known communist. Less is known about the company president, Jerome Myers, who was active in leftist theatre and cultural circles in Montreal. At the time of the company's incorporation in 1955, most of the directors were Montreal lawyers, one of whom later became chief justice of the Quebec Superior Court.

How any of this disqualified Robeson from entering Canada to give concerts was unclear, and there was a small storm of editorial protest around the decision. The *Toronto Star* was the most vocal, denouncing the ban as "unfair," "foolish," "ridiculous," and "unworthy of Canada's tradition of political and cultural liberty." Its editorial cartoon depicted the Robeson decision as a stain on Canada's reputation for "fair dealing" and "no discrimination." A much more conservative newspaper, the *Toronto Telegram*, called the decision a "blunder" that would only give publicity to Robeson and his supporters, noting, "bureaucracy makes an utter ass of itself when, particularly in a land which prides itself on freedom of expression, it thinks it can stop the flow of ideas."

It remains something of a mystery why Pickersgill changed his mind between July 1955, when he recommended Robeson's admission, and March 1956, when he decided to refuse him. No doubt Pickersgill understood that a Robeson concert was never just a concert, and perhaps the reports of Robeson's reception in February had raised concerns about the influence he might have on a longer tour and what controversies might be provoked. It is also possible that Pickersgill wanted to discourage Jerom Concerts from gaining a foothold in the concert business and promoting more undesirable

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cultural activities. As Canada's chief gatekeeper, Pickersgill took the view that immigration policies should not be allowed to threaten the "fundamental character" of the country as he saw it.

According to one of Robeson's close friends, news of his rejection by Canadian authorities was a "heavy blow," and he soon plunged into a deep depression. Still, the Canadian experience may also have helped to revive Robeson's determination to challenge his own government. By June, he was answering a summons from the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He surprised friends and supporters with the poise and eloquence of his response to the hostile questioning. Moreover, by the spring of 1958, the outlook was improving. The blacklist was starting to lift, and Robeson's Carnegie Hall concerts of that year are considered to be among the best recordings in his catalogue.

His passport finally came through, in July 1958, as a result of a narrow five-to-four American Supreme Court decision on the question of whether citizens may be denied a passport due to their political views. Robeson lost no time in packing for Great Britain and left for a hero's welcome in London. Soon he was playing Othello for the Royal Shakespeare Company and again performing for audiences around the world. It was a relatively short-lived coda to his career, however. Robeson's health was breaking down, and he was subjected to numerous rounds of what his son came to believe were dubious drug and psychiatric treatments, possibly aided and abetted by American authorities. After he returned to the United States in 1963, Robeson made few public appearances.

While living in Britain in 1961, Robeson briefly, impulsively, thought about moving to Canada, writing about the idea in a letter to a friend. His fondness for Canada was genuine. In an interview during the 1956 visit, he recalled his first concert at Massey Hall in 1929. The appreciation he received encouraged him to continue his career as a performer. He had visited on many occasions after that. And he could never forget the dramatic Peace Arch concerts held in defiance of the travel ban in the early 1950s.

For tens of thousands of Canadians, Robeson had a deep and lasting appeal as the embodiment of a better world in the making. At the time of his death in 1976, many who had seen him perform in the past were able to attend a memorial concert held at Toronto's Harbord Collegiate. There were also celebrations in Canada in 1998 to mark the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

In 1958, there had been plans to arrange more Canadian dates for Robeson, but those limited appearances in February 1956 turned out to be his last performances in Canada. It must have seemed ironic to Robeson that the country that enabled him to make his first escape from internal exile in the United States did not wish to extend the welcome any further. For the time being, official Canada had chosen to continue the cultural politics of the Cold War.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Cuban President Fidel Castro speak during Trudeau's visit to Cuba in January 1976.

CANADIAN PRESS

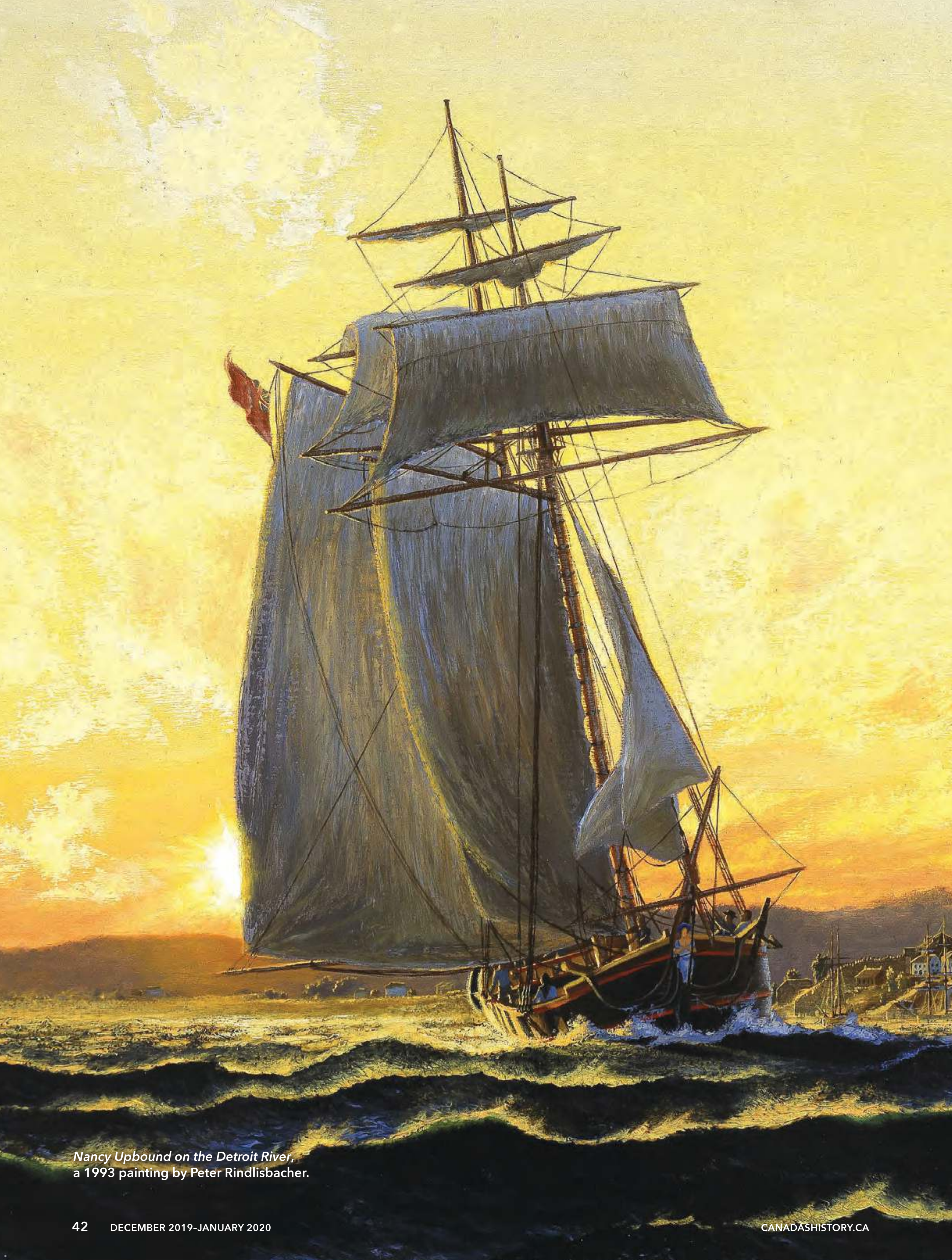
CANADA'S COLD WAR

It has often been said that the Cold War started right here in Canada, when, in February 1946, Soviet cipher clerk Igor Gouzenko defected from his country's embassy in Ottawa. His sensational revelations about highly placed Soviet spies throughout the Canadian and American governments shocked the West.

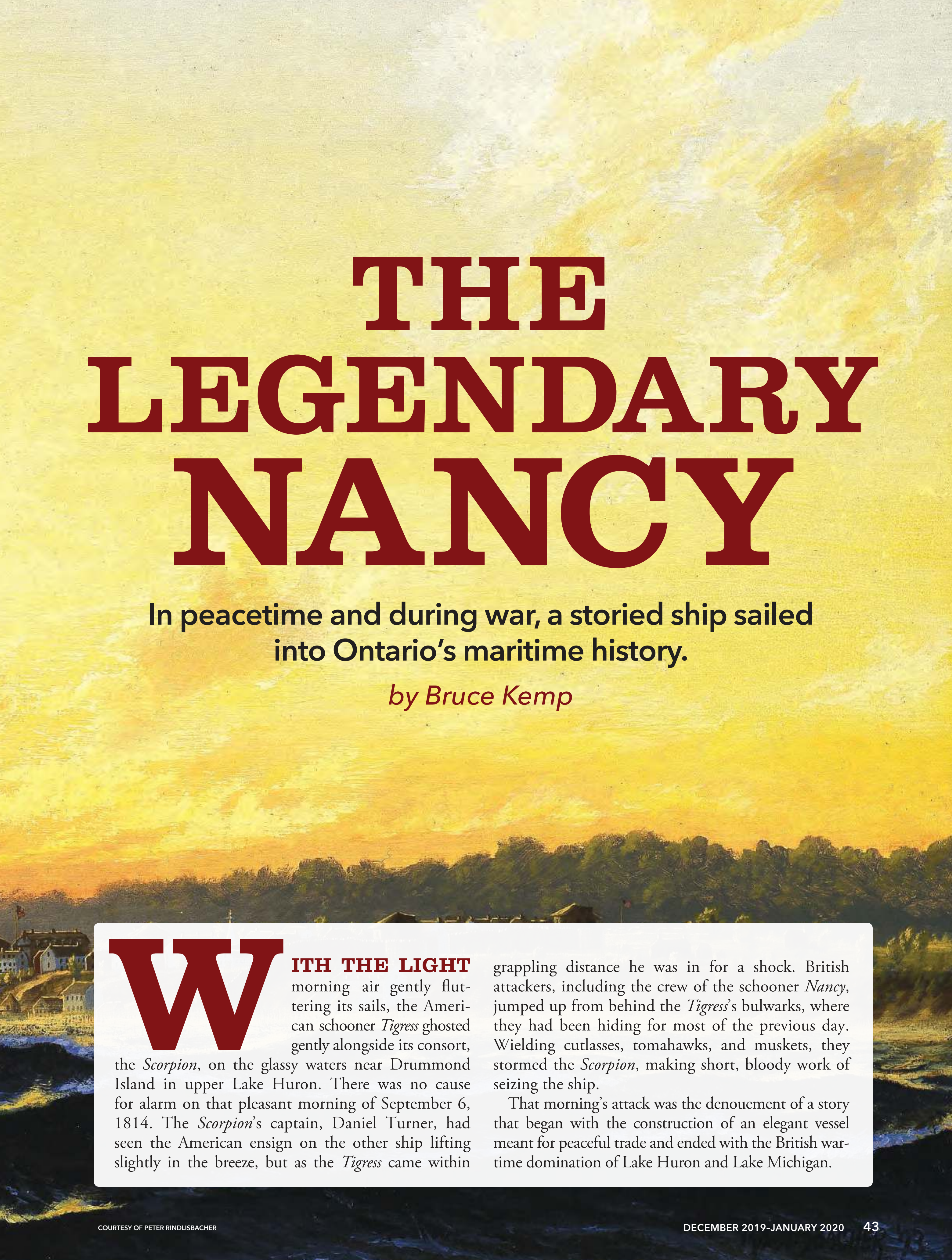
In the frosty war of espionage and threats, however, Canada was never more than a relatively minor force – the ham in the Soviet-American sandwich, as goes the saying attributed to various players, including the Soviet ambassador to Canada and Prime Minister Lester Pearson. In our middle-of-the-road way, we firmly supported the United States even as we managed to avoid the worst of that country's Cold War paranoia.

There was no House Un-Canadian Activities Committee, nor did we execute anyone for spying. But Canada was front and centre in the creation of the anti-Soviet military pacts NORAD, the North American Aerospace Defense Command, and NATO, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. When communist forces invaded Korea, we sent more than 26,000 troops, 512 of whom never returned. Then again, when Soviet missiles were discovered in Cuba in October 1962, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker did not exactly leap to the side of a reportedly furious U.S. President John F. Kennedy. In 1976, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau even visited Cuba, hitting it off with the country's president, Fidel Castro.

Perhaps we got less worked up about socialism and even communism because we'd seen them up close. The socialist Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) – forerunner of the New Democratic Party – formed the government in Saskatchewan in 1944. It also captured almost sixteen per cent of the vote in the 1945 federal election, although it downplayed its left-wing rhetoric during the Cold War. Canada even had an actual card-carrying communist in the House of Commons. Elected in Montreal in 1943 under the Labor-Progressive banner, Fred Rose was arrested and jailed in 1946 for sharing state secrets with the Soviets. – ***Nancy Payne***



Nancy Upbound on the Detroit River,
a 1993 painting by Peter Rindlisbacher.


COURTESY OF PETER RINDLISBACHER

THE LEGENDARY NANCY

In peacetime and during war, a storied ship sailed into Ontario's maritime history.

by Bruce Kemp

WITH THE LIGHT morning air gently fluttering its sails, the American schooner *Tigress* ghosted gently alongside its consort, the *Scorpion*, on the glassy waters near Drummond Island in upper Lake Huron. There was no cause for alarm on that pleasant morning of September 6, 1814. The *Scorpion*'s captain, Daniel Turner, had seen the American ensign on the other ship lifting slightly in the breeze, but as the *Tigress* came within grappling distance he was in for a shock. British attackers, including the crew of the schooner *Nancy*, jumped up from behind the *Tigress*'s bulwarks, where they had been hiding for most of the previous day. Wielding cutlasses, tomahawks, and muskets, they stormed the *Scorpion*, making short, bloody work of seizing the ship.

That morning's attack was the denouement of a story that began with the construction of an elegant vessel meant for peaceful trade and ended with the British wartime domination of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan.

The *Nancy* was a two-masted topsail schooner built on the Rouge River just south of Detroit in 1789. Topsail schooners featured sails on extra masts (topmasts) above the main sails (masts); the *Nancy* had two additional square sails on the main mast with two more on the foremast. The owner, Forsyth, Richardson & Co., was part of the North West Company group of fur trading companies, the main British competition to the Hudson's Bay Company. Forsyth, Richardson & Co. needed a cargo ship with sufficient carrying capacity to service the Upper Lakes — the four Great Lakes located above Niagara Falls. John Richardson himself was the builder, and he named the ship after his youngest daughter.

At twenty-four metres long, the lightly armed *Nancy*, constructed of iron-strong white oak and red cedar, was sturdy enough to undertake trade on the boisterous Upper Lakes, but it was also pretty. Richardson enthused in a letter to his business partner John Forsyth, "The schooner will be a perfect masterpiece of workmanship and beauty. The expense to us will be great, but there will be the satisfaction of her being strong and very durable.… She will carry 350 barrels."

After running gunpowder from the shore to the freshly loaded stores, which included kegs of the explosive, Worsley touched the powder off and blew up the *Nancy*.

The *Nancy* was launched on November 24, 1789. The ship was so strong that British military planners scouted it for potential use should the tenuous post-American Revolution peace ever boil up into open conflict. Even so, the *Nancy* sailed unnoticed by history for more than two decades before war caught up with it.

In the meantime, Richardson sold it to North West Company agent Angus Mackintosh, who promoted his eighteen-year-old son, Alexander, to captain the ship in 1805. Based at Moy Hall in Sandwich (now Windsor, Ontario) on the British side of the Detroit River, the *Nancy* ferried supplies to the forts and trading posts scattered around the freshwater wilderness. But the sturdy ship would soon have a new calling.

Napoleon provided the excuse for the American government to attempt to realize their dreams of a manifest destiny — their belief that the United States was the rightful, divinely ordained ruler of all of North America. The Americans took advantage of Britain's preoccupation with Napoleon's forces, and on June 18, 1812, President James Madison declared war on Britain. With the main body of Britain's army and navy fighting the French in Europe, colonies such as Canada had minimal support and had to make up for it through their own resources.

The *Nancy* was conscripted into the Provincial Marine, an early forerunner of the Royal Canadian Navy. The ship was placed under the command of Royal Navy Lieutenant Miller Worsley in August 1814, but Worsley knew enough to retain Alexander Mackintosh as sailing master. (A sailing master was in charge of actually sailing the vessel, while its captain was in charge of telling the sailing master where to go in order to accomplish the ship's mission.)

At first the war was a tit-for-tat affair. American Brigadier General William Hull invaded Canada, and the British captured Fort Michilimackinac, which guarded the Straits of Mackinac that flow between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. The *Nancy* became a troop carrier ferrying soldiers and their gear between garrisons, and hauling prisoners of war to safekeeping.

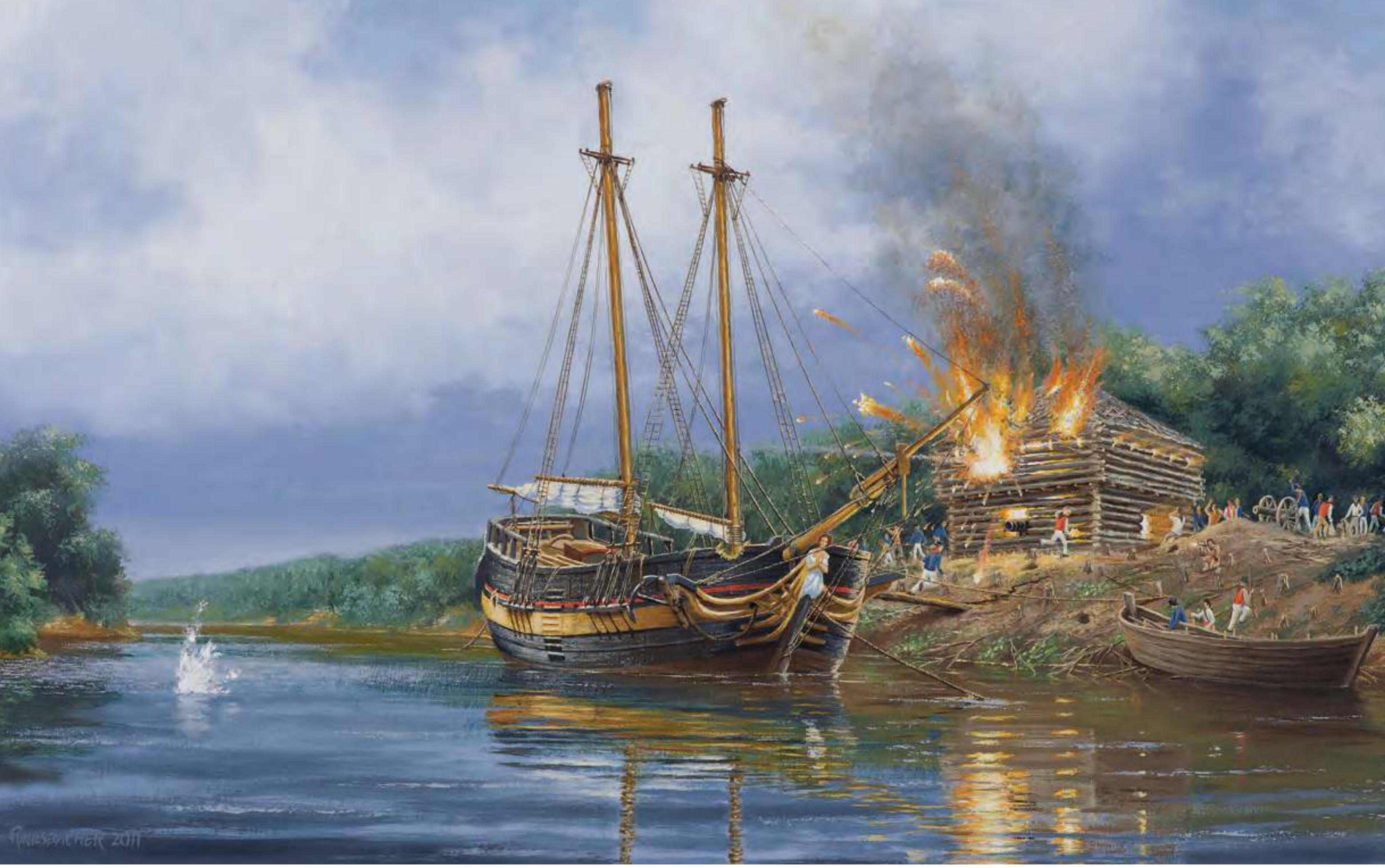
While on a supply voyage to Fort Michilimackinac, the Americans struck at Put-in-Bay on Lake Erie on the morning of September 10, 1813. The ensuing Battle of Lake Erie was a victory for the Americans despite the loss of their flagship. With nine ships to Britain's six, the Americans had overwhelming numbers, not to mention the wind in their favour. The American victory changed the complexion of the war, cutting the British supply route across Lake Erie and forcing a change in Britain's strategies.

The battle also left the British with just one ship — the *Nancy* — on the Upper Lakes. The *Nancy* missed the fight and was returning to Sandwich when it encountered American gunboats in the St. Clair River, narrowly avoiding capture.

Over the winter of 1813–14, the British opened an overland route to compensate. The new supply trail began at York (Toronto), extending north along Yonge Street nearly sixty kilometres to Holland Landing. From there canoes transported cargo and supplies up Kempenfeldt Bay on Lake Simcoe and on to the Nottawasaga River on Georgian Bay, where the *Nancy* could take on goods destined for Fort Michilimackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, and the West.

In August 1814, after an earlier American assault on Fort Michilimackinac failed, the Yankees captured a prisoner who revealed that the schooner was heading back down to the Nottawasaga. Captain Arthur Sinclair, commander of an American squadron composed of the ships *Niagara*, *Scorpion*, and *Tigress*, immediately sailed for the mouth of the river.

Alerted to American intentions, Worsley had the *Nancy* towed about three kilometres up the Nottawasaga, which runs parallel to the Georgian Bay shore before emptying into the bay. On August 13, Sinclair, believing the British ship was still



Nancy's Last Stand, a 2011 painting by Peter Rindlisbacher, shows the moments before the ship was blown up, and sank in Ontario's Nottawasaga River.

COURTESY OF PETER RINDLISBACHER

somewhere on the lake, sent a landing party ashore to make camp in the hope of ambushing the *Nancy* when she arrived. A woodcutting party discovered the camouflaged schooner.

The next day, about three hundred American soldiers attacked, with cannon support from the ships. Worsley had twenty-one sailors, twenty-three Ojibwe warriors, and nine Canadian voyageurs. They built a blockhouse, hoping to fend off the attackers, but it was no use.

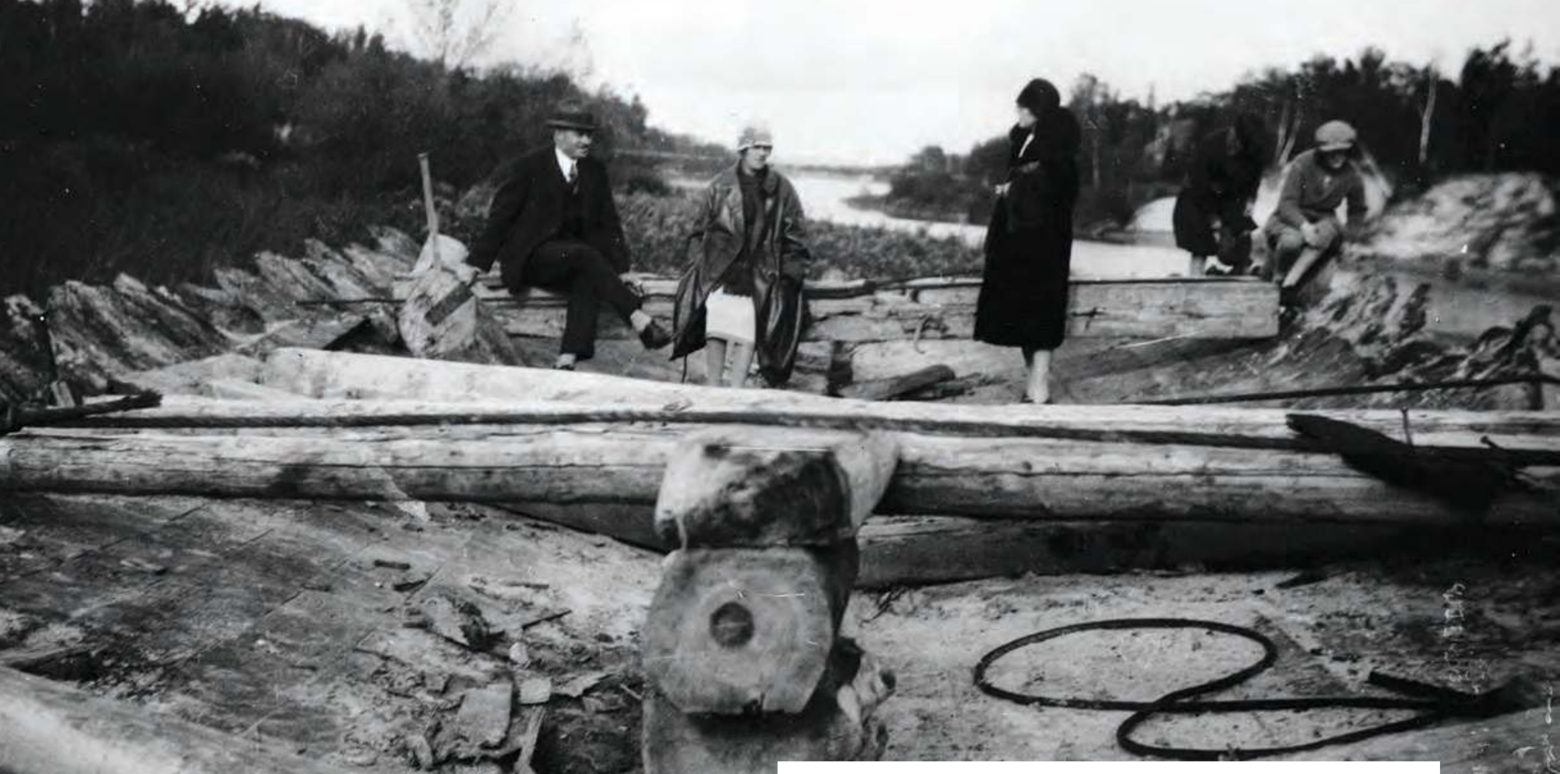
Worsley was desperate not to let the ship fall into American hands. After running gunpowder from the shore to the freshly loaded stores, which included kegs of the explosive, Worsley touched the powder off and blew up the *Nancy*. Worsley, Mackintosh, and their small band melted into the forests and waited for the Americans to quit searching for them. Two days later, at Fort Willow, farther upstream on the Nottawasaga, they loaded canoes and bateaux (small freighters) with what was to have been the *Nancy*'s cargo and set off for Fort Michilimackinac, a little more than six hundred kilometres away. Their route took them north through the protected waters of the Thirty Thousand Islands and North Channel to Mackinac Island. Passing within a hair's breadth of the *Tigress* and the *Scorpion*, they slipped through without being detected.

Without wasting time Worsley assembled a war party of nearly 275 men to bring to account those responsible for the loss of the *Nancy*. The group included his crew, sixty soldiers from the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles, and two hundred additional Ojibwe warriors.

Paddling quietly, the war party snuck up on the *Tigress* and quickly seized it. Then they set sail to find the *Scorpion*, which was anchored too far away to hear or to see the battle. Because of light winds, it took nearly two days for the *Tigress* to sail into position for the final engagement in which it captured the *Scorpion*. By the end of this remarkable action, the British forces had gone from no vessels on the Upper Lakes to a small squadron.

A century later, Toronto dentist Dr. Frederick Conboy and historian Charles Henry Jeremiah Snider entered the *Nancy*'s story. Snider was the stuff of which Edwardian adventure dreams were made. He was a certified mate on Great Lakes windjammers, a newspaperman, a novelist, an adventurer, an amateur archaeologist, and an amateur historian — but foremost he was a sailor at heart. At a time when Great Lakes maritime commerce was of supreme importance in Canada, his passion helped to open windows into life on the lakes' waters.

If not for Snider, who worked for the *Toronto Telegram* and eventually became its managing editor, those views of Great Lakes trade and the people who worked in and supported it might have been lost forever. His book *The Story of the "Nancy" and Other Eighteen-Twelvers* helped to etch the Battle of Lake Erie into the bedrock of early twentieth-century Canadian culture.



Above: The hull of HMS *Nancy* was recovered from the Nottawasaga River. This 1927 photo shows a view of the hold.

Right: A crew works to dig out the remains of the *Nancy* in 1925.

COURTESY OF BRUCE KEMP

Smitten by the idea that the *Nancy*'s remains were still buried in the silt of the Nottawasaga River, Snider set out to find them. He first became interested in the *Nancy*'s story in 1898 but did not visit the wreck until 1912.

Snider did not claim to have discovered the wreck, acknowledging instead in *The Story of the "Nancy"* that local residents knew exactly where it was. "The *Nancy*'s wreck and the remains of the *Nancy*'s blockhouse were well known to the first settlers. In lumbering operations … the sunken hull was used as a central crib for raftsmen's booms of logs."

Over time the river's silt built up against the wreck, creating what local residents referred to as Gunboat Island and Payship Island. Once it was confirmed that the wreck lay there, Nancy Island became the favoured name for the site.

In 1912, Snider noted, one of the schooner's timbers was still visible through the bulrushes and water lilies on the small island. Buried on the island's southeastern shore, a small chunk of ragged brown wood rose about sixty centimetres above the silt. By 1925, though, even this had disappeared. The schooner's keelson — an internal piece of lumber running the length of the ship above the keel and to which the floors of the ship were attached — "was traceable under the mud for a distance of fifteen feet forward and the outlines of her ribs and floor-timbers could be felt," he wrote in the report. Before leaving the site Snider recovered a two-metre oak plank, thirty centimetres wide and fifty-one millimetres thick, and declared it proof that the wreck was the *Nancy*.

When Conboy found a cannonball embedded in a bank opposite Nancy Island in 1924, he contacted Snider, whom he felt had the expertise to verify the projectile's provenance. Snider believed the cannonball could reasonably be assumed to have come from one of the twenty-four-pound guns the American ships used in the final assault on the *Nancy*. He arrived in Wasaga Beach on July 4, 1925, to help Conboy search for the wreck.

The pair's efforts proved unsuccessful. The island had changed since Snider's 1912 visit. He returned to Toronto, but not before leaving Conboy with a sketch suggesting where he might find the *Nancy*. Conboy continued the search, probing the wet ground on the shore of the island with an iron bar.

Eventually he struck something solid. Three hours of digging showed it to be part of a large ship's stern. Dozens of local residents and summer people turned out to help with the dig. Several more hours of work revealed the ship's ribs and floor timbers, and Snider was sent for again. After examining the skeleton he pronounced it authentic. The *Nancy* had been found.

A committee was formed to recover and to protect the remains. But first the ship's bones had to be hauled out of the mud, which Conboy did by hoisting and pulling with horses.

The first group that came together to preserve what was left of the wreck decided to keep the ship on the island, despite Snider's suggestion that the *Nancy* be moved to the waterfront at Toronto's Exhibition Place. Before the wreck could be permanently installed as a public exhibit, the island had to be levelled, the site had to be provided with a better base and landscaped, and a bridge from the mainland needed to be built.

With the *Nancy* in danger of deteriorating, the committee decided to scrape the ship's timbers to clean them of sand and rot and then oiled them with creosote. This turned out to be a mistake, according to conservation experts. Instead of preventing deterioration, the creosote helped to promote it and made the entire package of timbers highly flammable. The process had to be undertaken again.

The Ontario government donated a steel military hut to house the ship. Between the federal and provincial governments, $7,161.19 — a considerable sum for the time — was initially poured into the project. Additional cash and in-kind donations of labour and material were also contributed.

In 1928 the Nancy Island Historic Site was officially opened, but in a weird twist it was not declared an official National Historic Site. Instead, the battle and subsequent pursuit of the American ships was designated a National Historic Event.

That the events related to the *Nancy*'s demise had been a life-and-death struggle was driven home in 1949 with the discovery of a British soldier's body buried on the banks of the river. The unidentified young man was reinterred on Nancy Island, where a headstone was set up to mark his final resting place.

For most of its post-recovery life, the *Nancy* has been cared for by the Ontario government. The ship's trials didn't end with the construction of the first building, nor with the early conservation efforts. In 1968, the town of Wasaga Beach created the Museum of the Upper Lakes and built a new building; but the schooner's carcass was displayed out in the open, subject to ongoing environmental wear and tear.

Finally, in 1985, a glass housing complete with atmospheric controls was built to protect the ship's remains. Since 2014 a conservation technician has been working on cleaning the hull and has recommenced preservation according to the Canadian Conservation Institute's guidelines.

In 1997 a new committee was formed to protect and to promote the history of the ship. The Friends of Nancy Island Historic Site and Wasaga Beach Park operates with a mandate not only to promote public awareness of the historic site but also to educate and to encourage historic and scientific research into the Wasaga Beach region.

The famed ship lives on in other ways, too. Legendary folksinger Stan Rogers learned the *Nancy*'s story from Snider's writings and later visited the area at the mouth of the Nottawasaga River where the ship sank. Rogers eventually wrote a song about the ship, with lyrics in the voice of Alexander Mackintosh.

A visit to Nancy Island today is a terrific way to come face-to-face with an important element of Canadian history.

CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES

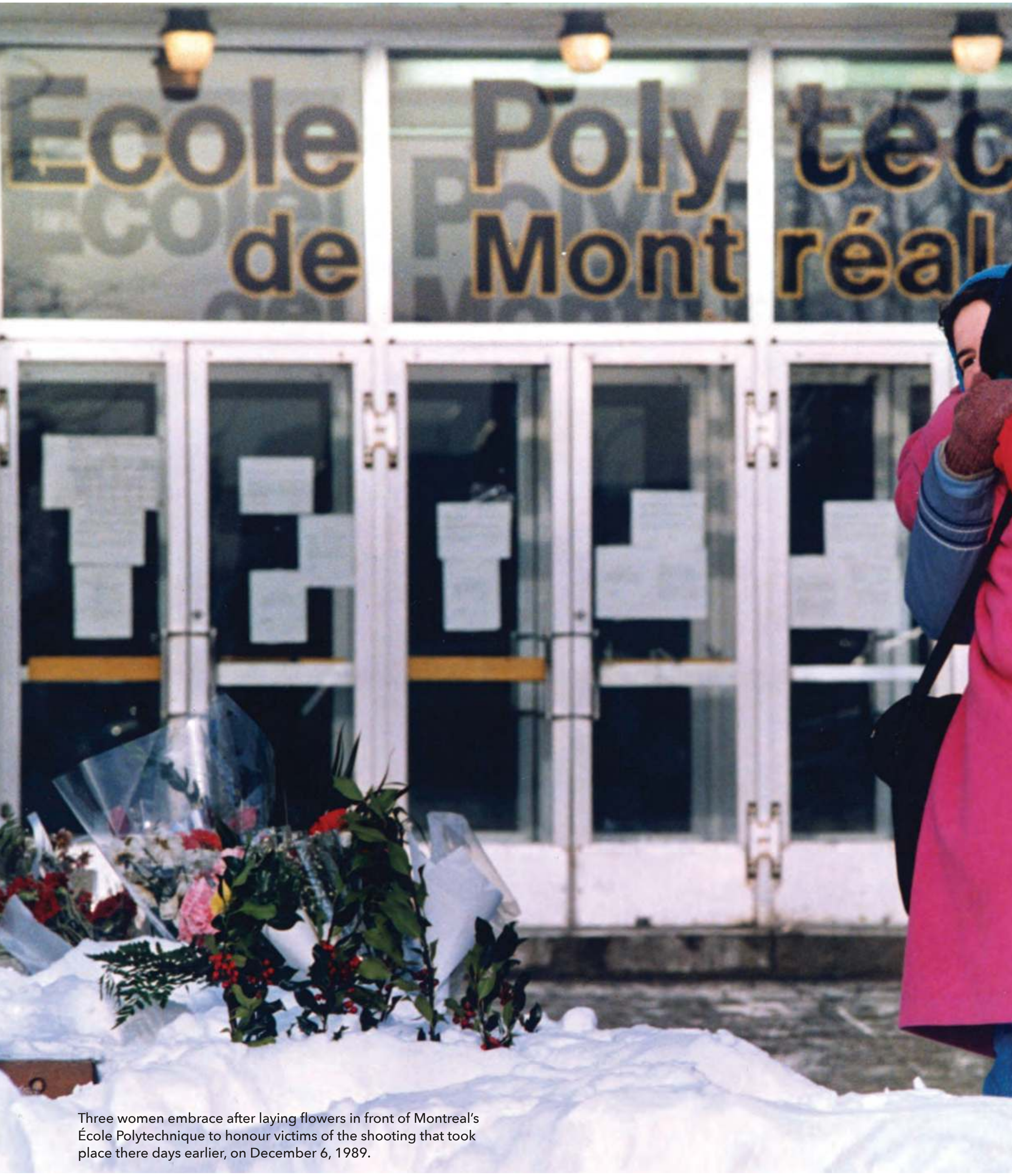
In this 1904 photo of the former *Toronto Telegram* reporters office, Charles Snider stands to the right of the door.

CHRONICLER OF THE WAVES

Charles Snider loved writing about ships and maritime history almost as much as he loved those things themselves. Besides his crucial involvement with efforts to save what was left of the *Nancy*, he wrote a column in the *Toronto Telegram*, called "Schooner Days," about the era of sailing ships on the Great Lakes. He populated his more than one thousand columns with fictional characters based on actual people and wrote it in a folksy style that made it popular.

Maybe more importantly, Snider recorded all of the sailors' unique names for various geographic features around the Great Lakes, names that might otherwise have been lost. He knew the pedigrees of the various ships, merchant and private, steam-powered and sail, and used that knowledge to tell their stories.

Snider's involvement with sailing continued throughout his life as a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He used his knowledge of yachting as the *Telegram*'s correspondent to the great America's Cup races of the early to mid-1920s. He was also aboard Canada's own *Bluenose* for some of the International Fisherman's Cup races in which the ship made its name. — ***Bruce Kemp***


École Polytec
de Montréal

Three women embrace after laying flowers in front of Montreal's École Polytechnique to honour victims of the shooting that took place there days earlier, on December 6, 1989.

CP PHOTO/SHANEY KOMULAINEN

GENDER TERROR

ECHOES OF THE MONTREAL MASSACRE LINGER TODAY.

BY FRANCINE PELLETIER

ON DECEMBER 6, 1989, A YOUNG MAN WITH a chip on his shoulder and a semi-automatic rifle wrapped in a black garbage bag walked into the registrar's office at École Polytechnique, the Université de Montréal's engineering school, and slumped into an empty chair. It was a little after four o'clock, cold and snowy outside, and getting dark. The man, whose name would soon be known the world over, had once tried to enrol in the school but had been turned away. On this day, however, he had not come to enquire about further studies. Marc Lépine, the man known today as one of Canada's most notorious mass murderers, knew full well where he was heading.

He'd bought an assault weapon, rented a car, written a note instructing his mother to take the refrigerator in his small east-side apartment, and, on the afternoon of December 6, driven to the prestigious university perched high on the mountain in the centre of the city. He had planned everything down to the last detail, including hastily writing down the reasons for his actions and tucking the note in a pocket where it would be found. And yet, there he sat in the registrar's office, the hour ticking away, as if he were waiting for divine intervention. Did he secretly hope that fate would intervene and foil his plan? Or was he mentally rehearsing what was to come?

When a receptionist finally asked if she could help, the surly intruder left the office and headed for a classroom. His semi-automatic weapon now in full sight, he walked in and told the teacher and male students to vacate the premises. They all did, without a protest, thinking that this was some kind of end-of-semester prank. Turning to the nine women left in the room, he yelled, "You're all feminists!" and started shooting.

Lépine continued his spree down the halls, through the cafeteria, and to a second classroom, sometimes shooing the men out of the way to make sure he shot only women. Silently now, never uttering a word, he continued his grim task. His only communication was the words "Oh shit" (in English) that he hastily scrawled on an exam paper minutes before shooting himself in the head. That, too, was part of the plan. He'd brought a hunting knife along to make sure he'd have enough bullets for himself. His last victim — the daughter of a Montreal police officer who would stumble upon the gruesome scene only minutes later — was found stabbed multiple times in the chest. For sure, there was method in this man's madness.

At 5:15 p.m., fourteen women lay dead and fourteen others, mostly women, were injured. Lépine's murderous rampage, carefully planned and meticulously executed, had taken less than twenty minutes. Nothing quite so ugly had ever happened in Canada, certainly not on this scale, and nowhere in the world had women been publicly singled out during a recent mass attack. The combination of cold-blooded murder performed like some grim piece of theatre on a university campus and of female engineering students being hunted down like animals, with all of this unfolding in a province known for its progressive politics — it was too much for most people to bear.

Much like the assassination of John F. Kennedy in the United States, what became known as the Montreal massacre is a defining moment in Canada's history and perhaps especially in Quebec's. Everyone knows where they were when the unthinkable occurred. Everyone is aware of a before and an after, of a sudden and wrenching loss of innocence.

I was at home, in Montreal, when a friend working at the local CBC station, David Gutnick, phoned to say that "women were being shot" at the university. I remember little else except sitting glued to the television screen. I was part of the collective stupor that grabbed the city, the province, and, indeed, the entire country that night. How terribly naive we'd been, I remember thinking. How could we not have seen that there would be a price to pay for feminism? How could we not have understood that upsetting traditional hierarchies, demanding radical change, would infuriate at least some people? How could we not have expected, if not a horrific attack — who ever expects the unimaginable? — then at least a backlash of sorts?

Until then, I had never realized how uneventful the path toward women's liberation had been. The notion that women deserved to go where only men had gone before had not been met, curiously enough, with fierce resistance. Feminism had been widely accepted, in part because of massive organizing, yes, but also because its time had come. When the wind is blowing strongly in one direction, reactionary voices tend to keep quiet. But now a disgruntled twenty-five-year old named Marc Lépine had broken the seal that had kept resentment regarding feminism safely under wraps.

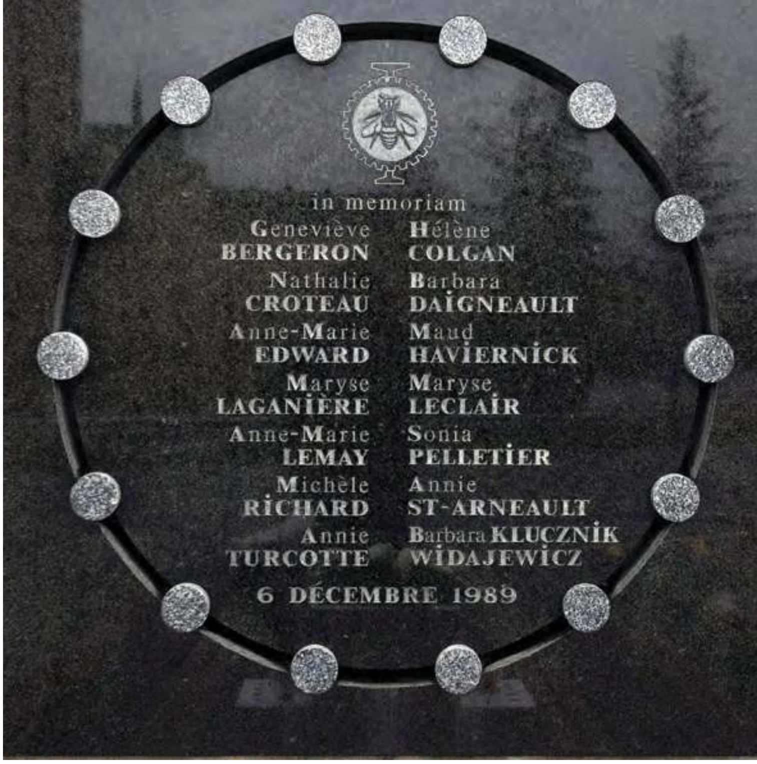
Those were some of my thoughts at the time. They were not widely shared. In the gloomy light of the Montreal massacre, the general feeling was that we had witnessed an aberration, a horrid blip in an otherwise edifying narrative, an exception to our good rules and behaviour. Clearly, the assailant was a lunatic, as the psychologist interviewed on Radio-Canada television professed that night. That hypothesis was met with wide approval and would be repeated for years to come. Despite the fact that the Montreal police had mentioned a "grudge against feminists" — implied in the note Lépine had pinned to himself as well as in the cry he uttered in the classroom — the perpetrator of such a horrific crime had to be demented. End of story.

There was a strong urge at the time simply to drop the curtain on something no one had seen coming and that in no way fit the image we have of ourselves as a people and as a country. Sudden outbursts of unforeseen villainy not only trigger shock and confusion, they trigger a good deal of denial as well. In Quebec, where the shock was greatest, the tendency to look away was painfully obvious. Not only did the Montreal police never release Lépine's suicide note, the only piece of evidence able to shed any light on his motives, but no special inquiry was ever held on the subject of the Montreal massacre. While Canada had never experienced a gender-specific mass murder, there was no special investigation into the circumstances surrounding the tragedy, other than routine police inquiries.

Despite all the efforts to tune out Lépine's anti-feminist message, it had not stopped his venom from seeping out.

More than they were repulsed by the actual bloodshed, people instinctively recoiled at the idea that a young man had wanted to kill young women. The idea of singling out women, because they were women, was so insufferable that an editorial in Quebec City's *Le Soleil* newspaper went so far as to deny that it had anything to do with gender. The murder of fourteen women was a tragic coincidence. *Un point, c'est tout* — period; that's it. Let us grieve the dead was the subtext, but by no means let us try to give this freak occurrence any greater meaning.

Though denial in the rest of Canada was never so blatant, the fact that women had been specifically targeted remained a point of contention all over the country. Following the Montreal massacre, many university campuses erupted in heated arguments between male and female students. Women felt vulnerable like never before and wanted their feelings acknowledged. "Now do you see what it's like to be a woman?" was an often-heard gibe. For most men, however, the grisly murders could not be held up as a mirror of women's experiences. It was too far-fetched.



Left: A funeral service at Notre-Dame Basilica in Montreal for some of the fourteen women who died in the Montreal massacre.

Above: A memorial plaque to the victims of the Montreal massacre at the École Polytechnique.

LEFT: CHRISTOPHER MORRIS - CORBIS; RIGHT: THE CANADIAN PRESS/RYAN REMIORZ

Women felt abandoned by men, and men felt unfairly scapegoated and belittled by women.

The best of times had suddenly morphed into the worst of times. All of the efforts to tune out Lépine's anti-feminist message had not stopped his venom from seeping out. The mad crusader had succeeded, momentarily at least, in pitting men against women, at creating acrimony and suspicion between the sexes at a level rarely seen. From this moment on, as if finally given a green light, male resentment against feminism would come out of the closet. Men's rights groups like Fathers4Justice would take the stage, and the women's movement would go into a fifteen-year slump.

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"Please note that I am committing suicide today not because of financial reasons … but because of political ones. I have decided to send ad patres ["to their ancestors"] the feminists who have always ruined my life."

Lépine's suicide note was sent to me anonymously by mail on the eve of the first anniversary of the Montreal massacre. After discovering that my name was among those of eighteen other women included in his suicide note, women who seemingly exemplified what he hated about feminism, I had tried to get the note released. What had happened at École Polytechnique was not just another bit of sordid news, I argued, first to the Montreal police and later to an access-to-information board. It was a national tragedy. People had the right to know what the mitigating factors were behind this unprecedented crime. I also felt that I had the right to know what Lépine's thoughts had been just before killing fourteen women while having me, and others like me, in mind.

My arguments had fallen on deaf ears. The danger of a copycat crime was too great, I was told. What was in fact "too great," it was clear even then, was the trauma. Even six months after the tragedy, we were still in the grips of a vast emotional paralysis. The inclination was to "move on," rather than to scrutinize every detail. Now, finally holding the much-sought-after piece of evidence in my hand, I felt somewhat vindicated. At least someone at the Montreal police thinks I'm right, I thought. I was never able to discover who that person was, but at least the suicide note would now be made public. It was published the very next day, on the front page of *La Presse*, the newspaper for which I wrote at the time.

"Feminist attitudes have always made me rage," the killer went on to explain. Calmly, dispassionately, even taking the time to apologize for his bad grammar, Lépine decried how women expect the same privileges as men but still want to be coddled. "Even though the media will label me a Crazed gunman, I consider myself a rational erudite," he added in a somewhat prophetic note.

Had this clumsy one-page manifesto been released at the time, I've often wondered, would we have been better able to stare the devil in the eye? Would we have been able to admit that this was not only a vicious attack against women but a war against feminism, as Lépine himself took pains to point out? Would we have labelled him, as he should have been, a terrorist? Someone who kills innocent people for political

A participant holds a candle at a vigil during the National Day of Remembrance and Action on Violence Against Women on December 6, 2012, in London, Ontario.

TOP LEFT: THE CANADIAN PRESS

reasons is, after all, the very definition of a terrorist. Would we have acknowledged the political nature of this gender-specific crime? And would we have been better at understanding what this was all about?

Thirty years after the fact, many candles have been lit, white ribbons have been shared, some assault weapons have been banned, and denunciations of violence against women have become a yearly ritual on Parliament Hill and elsewhere. It took some time, particularly in Quebec, but we have collectively owned up to the fact that this was indeed a crime against women. And yet, I can't help feeling that we still haven't learned the lessons of the Montreal massacre.

In trying to make sense of this horrible tragedy, we have equated the plight of the victims with the violence women have always endured. We have put this in the category of what we know, rather than what we don't know. I think this was a mistake. By never focusing, to this day, on the truly unusual aspect of the crime — an attack on feminism — we have been prevented from seeing what's at the bottom of this, as recent events have now underlined: men's access to women's bodies.

I've thought a lot about the Montreal massacre over the last thirty years. I've written about it extensively and directed two documentaries on the subject. Quickly, I came to suspect that Lépine's outrage vis-à-vis feminists was rooted not so much in the societal transformation brought about by women's liberation as in his own personal frustration with women.

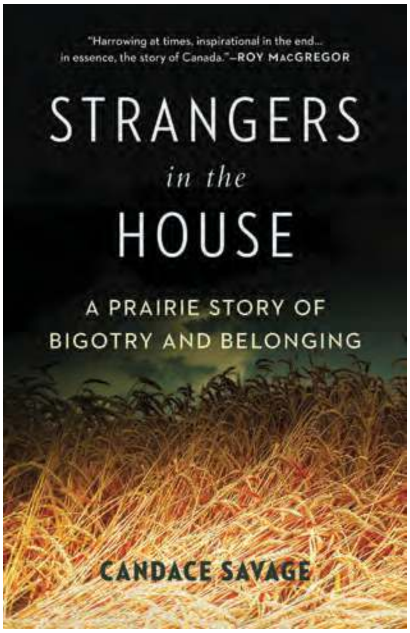
A classic mass murderer in many ways — young, white, male, with a terrible axe to grind, convinced that he deserved better in life and hell-bent on making innocent people pay — Lépine was a glum introvert who did not interact easily with people, especially women. He'd been abandoned by his father at a young age, bullied by his sister, his only sibling, and kept at a distance by his mother, a pious woman who had once wanted to become a nun and worked long hours as a nurse. He harboured ill feelings for the two women, his only close family, and, at age twenty-five, had never had a girlfriend.

I believe the Montreal massacre gave us our first clue that the real sticky wicket when it comes to feminism is not that women will be allowed to do men's work. The problem lies on the interpersonal level. There is no danger in having women engineers, in other words, as long as men-women relationships, society's touchstone, remain the same — as long as women remain physically and emotionally available to men.

I suspect that Lépine instinctively knew that the more liberated women were, the less likely they would choose a man like him — angry, reactionary, forlorn. Feminists were not so much taking up his space as denying him the emotional and sexual companionship he craved. Lépine was in fact a trailblazer for those irate men who today blame "vicious" women for their forced celibacy. The perceived lack of women's availability is what lies at the heart of the so-called Incel (involuntarily celibate) Rebellion, which has been responsible for two recent lethal attacks, one in Santa Barbara, California, in 2014, and another in Toronto, in 2018. Both Elliot Rodger and Alek Minassian were incensed that women were denying them what they were "owed": a proper sex life.

Women's availability is also at the heart of the sexual harassment pandemic that has inspired the #MeToo movement. From CBC Radio host Jian Ghomeshi to Hollywood mogul Harvey Weinstein, International Monetary Fund director Dominique Strauss-Kahn, comedian Bill Cosby, and PBS interviewer Charlie Rose, the list of powerful men who have been accused of sexual misconduct just keeps growing. The extent to which men — highly respected ones, to boot — continue to avail themselves of women's bodies is truly astounding. It prompts the question: How does this square with feminism? How can we have more and more strong, educated, independent women, on one hand, and an astronomical level of groping, raping, and lewd conduct on the other? Might there be some kind of trade-off here? Women get to become public figures, maybe even run a country, in exchange for sexual compliancy, in exchange for male dominance on an intimate level. And if that means getting a little roughed up in the process, so be it. Could that be the unwritten rule that explains both the degree of sexual misconduct we are witnessing today and the deadly outbursts that occur when this secret pact is perceived to be broken?

In the persistent gloom cast by the Montreal massacre, I've come to the conclusion that we've underestimated the personal costs related to feminism. We've had a tendency to think that if we tackled the big picture, changed laws and social structures, the rest would take care of itself. But the rest, what happens on a personal, psychological, and emotional level, is much more resistant to change, it turns out, as well as ultimately more complicated. That, for me, is the true lesson of the Montreal massacre.


"Harrowing at times, inspirational in the end...
in essence, the story of Canada."–ROY MACGREGOR
STRANGERS
in the
HOUSE
A PRAIRIE STORY OF
BIGOTRY AND BELONGING
CANDACE SAVAGE

ANXIOUS TO BELONG

Strangers in the House: A Prairie Story of Bigotry and Belonging

by Candace Savage
Greystone Books, 285 pages, $32.95

Anyone who has lived in an older house has likely wondered about the stories that could be told if only the walls could talk. So begins Candace Savage's quest to discover the stories behind the improbable first occupants of her Saskatoon home, after some photographs and notes belonging to the Sureau dit Blondin family tumble out of the walls during a renovation.

In her book *Strangers in the House*, Savage goes back and forth between the story she unearths and her present-day efforts to reveal how Napoléon Sureau dit Blondin ended up in what is today her neighbourhood. She is joined on her quest by descendants of N.S. (as Napoléon would come to be known), whom she encounters online while researching genealogical sites. These family members contribute significantly by providing more context and details for the story through their own collections of family artifacts and the personal recollections of Napoléon's youngest son, Ralph.

The result is a well-crafted tale that traces the family across multiple generations and four provinces from the beginnings of New France and against the backdrop of key historic events such as Confederation, the settlement of the West, and the Great Depression.

Many Canadians grew up with a history curriculum that romanticized the opening of the prairies as a golden era of opportunity for migrants, typically migrants from European nations. Savage exposes the very real hardships most non-British settlers faced when trying to fit in to an emerging society that openly rejected those who showed any signs of difference.

We also learned about French-Canadian settlement on the prairies — as explorers, then fur traders, then settlers — and the establishment of the Métis nation in an equally romantic way. It's an epic story of perseverance and commitment to a clear and distinct cultural lineage that kept them connected across time and across a continent, and that ensured that French communities would endure.

Savage shares her shock and disappointment to learn that N.S.'s wife, Clara Blondin, actually forbade the use of French in their home. She learns this not from her research but from Clara's granddaughter, who recounts the stories her father told her of growing up in their Saskatoon house. The granddaughter speculates that they were very anxious to belong within their new society in Saskatoon. "I think my grandmother was lonely," she said, to which Savage posits: "How lonely do you have to be to give up your mother tongue?"

That question leads Savage to take a closer look at the society in which the Blondins were living and leads to her recounting a more troubling but important history of the opening of the West. Seeds of racism were sown during the post-Confederation period, when early English settlers heavily influenced by the Orange Order actively discouraged and mistrusted "foreign" immigration to the region.

After the First World War, the Ku Klux Klan took hold in Saskatchewan, welcomed by enough members of the community to be granted benevolent society status as it "investigate[d] the menace of Roman Catholicism." Such actions legitimized then-rampant racist attitudes toward those who threatened the deeply rooted aspirations of some to build the West on a bedrock of English Protestantism.

Savage doesn't write about racism with an agenda to renegotiate the past, nor to draw parallels with modern times. Rather, she presents this information as just another part of the story that is necessary for understanding the travails of N.S. Blondin, who — as a farmer, a businessman, and an investor — was less interested in politics and social justice than in simply seeking a better economic future for his family.

Strangers in the House is thoroughly researched. Each chapter is backed up with bibliographic references for those who might be interested to delve deeper into key moments that are introduced in the book. But Savage focuses on telling a compelling story about migration and belonging, including the disconnecting impact of cultural migration, as well as who gets to determine who belongs, and whether that is defined by your past or your present. It's a gripping story that from the first chapter draws readers in, challenging them and holding their interest to the very last page.

Reviewed by **Deborah Morrison**, who is a past publisher of *Canada's History* magazine and is currently the president and CEO of Experiences Canada.

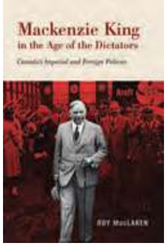
CRINGEWORTHY MUDDLING

Mackenzie King in the Age of the Dictators: Canada's Imperial and Foreign Policies

by Roy MacLaren
McGill-Queen's University Press,
354 pages, $34.95

Four Days in Hitler's Germany: Mackenzie King's Mission to Avert a Second World War

by Robert Teigrob
University of Toronto Press,
312 pages, $32.95


Mackenzie King
in the Age of the Dictators
Canada's Imperial and Foreign Policies
ROY MacLAREN

FOUR DAYS IN HITLER'S GERMANY
MACKENZIE KING'S MISSION TO AVERT A SECOND WORLD WAR
ROBERT TEIGROB

That Canada's longest-serving prime minister was one extraordinarily odd duck is beyond dispute. A steady stream of books about William Lyon Mackenzie King and his peculiarities has mined the stupendous motherlode of eccentricity that is the diary King kept from 1893 until three days before his death in July 1950.

Military historian C.P. Stacey, himself one of those early miners as the author of *A Very Double Life: The Private World of Mackenzie King*, has called the King diary "the most important single political document in twentieth-century Canadian history" and said its contents will occupy researchers of many types "for generations to come."

That prophecy, made in 1976, has indeed come true, the most recent proof being the nearly simultaneous publication of two very different but equally expert and fascinating examinations of King's handling of Canada's foreign policy in the period leading up to the outbreak of the Second World War.

Both works, *Mackenzie King in the Age of the Dictators*, by Roy MacLaren, and *Four Days in Hitler's Germany: Mackenzie King's Mission to Avert a Second World War*, by Robert Teigrob, rely heavily on the King diary. Indeed, without access to the prime minister's private thoughts, neither book would be as insightful, as cringe-inducing, or, likely, even possible.

The two books, both brimming with rigorous, original research and startling detail, actually work very well as companion pieces. Whereas MacLaren, a former diplomat and federal cabinet minister, tracks in meticulous detail King's approach to Canada's foreign policy, from labour minister in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberal government to his interwar stretch as prime minister, Ryerson University history professor Teigrob focuses more narrowly, and with exciting, satisfying depth, on King's four-day visit to Nazi Germany and his controversial one-hour meeting with Adolf Hitler in June 1937.

Beware, though. Those only casually acquainted with King's "double life," notably his belief in spiritualism and his communication with dead family members, pets, and historical figures, should brace themselves for a shocking immersion into the bizarre mind of the man who led Canada for twenty-one years, including, to his qualified credit, through the challenges of the Second World War.

MacLaren provides a detailed history of King's approach to pre-war foreign policy, which, in sum, was: "better to say nothing about the dictators and hope for the best." King certainly did not "say nothing" to his diary about dictators and about all manner of other matters that were on his mind. We learn, for example, that King had an abiding fear of Americans, such as President Theodore Roosevelt, wanting to take over Canada; that he felt a kinship to Hitler because of the two leaders' attachments to their mothers; and that he saw himself on a divine mission, fulfilling the destiny of his rebel grandfather and namesake, William Lyon Mackenzie, in trying to bring Britain and Germany together to avoid war.

The MacLaren book is particularly valuable for its examination of pro-fascist currents in Canada, one example being the Roman Catholic church in Quebec's support of Italian dictator Benito Mussolini because of his recognition of the Vatican as an independent state and his fervent anti-communism.

And yes, both authors conclude that King was a bona fide anti-Semite, neither of them granting a man of his education and experience a pass for being a product of his xenophobic, intolerant times. Certainly the most infuriating and tragic aspect of King's wilful denial of well-documented Nazi evil is his attitude towards Jews, which led to Canada's refusal to accept significant numbers of refugees from the mounting Holocaust hell.

This was consistent with King's strategy, which MacLaren lays out clearly, of viewing events on the international stage from the perspective of their impact on domestic electoral politics. Another example is King's loathing of the collective-security provisions of the League of Nations, which he thought might ensnare Canada in a war in some distant land. King's "muddling" played a critical role in that body's failure to stand up to Mussolini and Hitler, thereby empowering the fascist duo in their territorial ambitions.

King's "cheerleading" for Hitler's regime got a tremendous boost during his tour of landmarks of the Nazi "miracle," as Teigrob recounts in riveting detail. The photographs tell a very chilling story as well, especially one that shows King sitting proudly in Hitler's seat at the All-German Sports Competitions while surrounded by Nazi bigwigs in full swastika-studded regalia.

Teigrob describes how King got a last look at some of the top Nazi henchmen he considered friends when he spent a day at the war crimes trials in Nuremberg in 1946. On the same visit, King, who never failed to inform his Nazi hosts that he was born and raised in the German settlement of Berlin, Ontario (now Kitchener), paid a return visit to the old-country Berlin to view the devastation wrought on the capital of the Third Reich by Hitler — the man, King had confided to his diary, whom he believed "might come to be thought of as one of the saviours of the world."

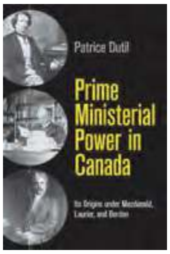
This sentiment — along with much, much more that is unearthed in these substantial, important books — casts King as something much more dangerous and disturbing than the Weird Willie persona of a creepy, dithering dolt. If he could speak from beyond the grave, King would be displeased, but he would likely do nothing.

Reviewed by **Peter Black**, a long-time Quebec City resident, former CBC Radio journalist, freelance writer for a variety of media, and regular columnist for the *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*, *Sherbrooke Record,* and *Plattsburgh Press-Republican*.

PUBLIC WORKS

Prime Ministerial Power in Canada: Its Origins under Macdonald, Laurier, and Borden

by Patrice Dutil
UBC Press, 412 pages, $34.95


Patrice Dutil
Prime Ministerial Power in Canada
Its Origins under Macdonald, Laurier, and Borden

This is a remarkable book by a distinguished author. Unlike any other book I have read, it describes the managerial — as distinct from the political — role of the prime minister and makes it clear that in the long run the managerial role is more important. It goes further and also makes it clear that the centralization of power in the Prime Minister's Office is not unique to the twenty-first century but has its roots firmly planted in the nineteenth century.

The author, Patrice Dutil, is a remarkable individual who is well-suited to writing this book. He is bilingual and, with degrees from both York University and Université de Montréal, has served as director of research for the Institute of Public Administration of Canada and is currently a professor of politics and public administration at Ryerson University. Dutil also founded the *Literary Review of Canada*, was volunteer president of the Champlain Society, and is a prolific author of both books and articles.

Prime Ministerial Power in Canada provides an analysis of the managerial capabilities of three of our most important early prime ministers — John A. Macdonald, Wilfrid Laurier, and Robert Borden — who between them were prime minister for forty-three of the first fifty-three years of the life of Canada.

The book is divided into three parts, regarding structure, substance, and style — Dutil's three Ss. In the first part, on structure, he examines the three early prime ministers separately. Then, in the following sections, he uses a thematic approach.

For example, within the section on substance there is a chapter called "Priority Setting and the Budget." In Macdonald's first term, the increase to expenditures for Indian Affairs was second only to that for Public Works, but by his third term Marine and Fisheries saw greater increases. For Laurier, who governed during the wheat boom, Agriculture was of significant importance, whereas for Borden, who governed during the First World War, the "War Account" was of course of major significance.

In another chapter Dutil examines how these prime ministers responded to crises in both peace and war. His book is full of not only thoughtful observations but also data, with forty-three charts and tables showing readers the bases for Dutil's conclusions. You will not find any "fake news" here.

One thing a modern-day reader may find of interest is just how hard these three prime ministers worked without taking much time for vacations — at least compared to American presidents of the same era, or more recent Canadian prime ministers.

Dutil skilfully weaves into the analysis the dramatic technological changes that altered the way the prime ministers worked, including the telephone, electricity and the automobile. And his book covers all of the managerial and administrative essentials: administrative reform, the civil service, and patronage; budgets, salaries and pensions, and orders-in-council; cabinet ministers and deputy ministers; Great Britain and the United States. A wide cast of characters includes other politicians and, of course, bureaucrats — individuals like Joseph Pope, who was private secretary to Macdonald for a number of years before serving as an assistant clerk to the Privy Council, undersecretary of state for Canada, and for other prime ministers up to and including William Lyon Mackenzie King.

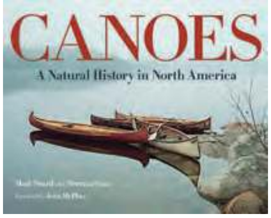
Prime Ministerial Power in Canada is both unique and comprehensive, while adding greatly to our knowledge of the history of our country.

Reviewed by **Joe Martin**, co-author of the recently released *From Wall Street to Bay Street: The Origins and Evolution of American and Canadian Finance* and executive-in-residence and adjunct professor at the Rotman School of Management, University of Toronto.

MOVING EXPERIENCES

Canoes: A Natural History in North America

by Mark Neuzil and Norman Sims
Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 408 pages, $40



For centuries, philosophers have been trying to explain what an experience is. From Aristotle, to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, to John Dewey, they and we are always trying to navigate the turbulent waters of experience. In the nineteenth-century United States, the likes of Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Muir, and Henry David Thoreau began to associate experiences — at least experiences that are transformative — with those occurring in nature. Americans writers like Mark Twain and Walt Whitman excelled at engaging our colonial desire to engage with nature and to do away with the yokes of industrialization.

This romantic understanding of experience is alive and well in the twenty-first century. American writers Mark Neuzil and Norman Sims, both of them scholars of journalism and canoe enthusiasts, bring forth the essence of this nineteenth-century existential movement in their new book, *Canoes: A Natural History in North America*. The desire for connecting with nature is a common theme for the authors, who write, “Canoes allow us to engage closely and quietly and intimately with our environment, and like the natural world itself, canoes have different adaptations.”

The canoe, an Indigenous invention with no major alterations to its design since contact with Europeans, is put forth as the instrument for self-exploration, actualization, and connection to something spiritual. With a foreword by *New Yorker* writer John McPhee, *Canoes* tells the story of this ingenious craft. The book moves from Indigenous iterations made from dugout trees or birchbark, to adaptations used by Samuel de Champlain and the Northwesters (partners or employees of the North West Company), to new, lighter, and cheaper configurations of the twentieth century.

Beautifully designed and written with romantic prose, *Canoes* is partly a history of the canoe and of the people who make them and partly a position paper on how the canoe is fundamental to transcendental experiences and the development of culture. The book is principally based on the stories of those who made canoes, those who pushed their limits, such as the explorer Alexander Mackenzie, and master builders such as New Hampshire’s Tom Seavey, who painstakingly restores wooden and canvas canoes purely for the experience.

Canadian writers who explore the significance of the canoe are generally less romantic. When we think of Farley Mowat, Don Starkell, or Adam Shoalts’s recent book *A History of Canada in Ten Maps*, the canoe represents struggle, desperation, and a Conradian introspection into the dark caverns of the human experience. While offering homages to Tom Thomson and the fur trade, as well as the argument that Canada was created by the canoe, Neuzil and Sims nonetheless provide a very American lens on the development and essence of the canoe experience. They suggest that canoe journeys “link in important ways with the human-powered movement, with conservation, and with measuring our place in nature.”

Included in their book are remarkable archival photos, maps, advertisements, and schematic diagrams of all things canoes. Both authors are bathed in the experience of canoeing, crafting canoes, and growing up with them. They live and breathe canoes, and this passion oozes from the pages. Yet they do not bring an entirely critical eye when looking at themes of colonialism, oppression, and privilege. *Canoes* is an attempt to recognize the brilliance of the design of one of the most remarkable, significant, and innovative vehicles ever created.

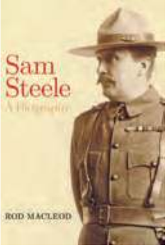
If the acts of building and paddling canoes have some metaphysical connotations, then perhaps this isn’t so bad. The idea of people ditching their phones for paddles might offer an antidote to the malaise of postmodernity. Perhaps we need more folks like Thoreau, who proclaimed: “Everyone believes in something. I believe I’ll go canoeing.”

Reviewed by **Matt Henderson**, assistant superintendent of the Seven Oaks School Division in Winnipeg and a winner of the Governor General’s History Award for Excellence in Teaching.

BEYOND THE ROUTINE

Sam Steele: A Biography

by Rod Macleod
University of Alberta Press,
320 pages, $39.99



Rod Macleod’s new biography of Sam Steele follows the rise of one of Canada’s most famous Mounties at the turn of the twentieth century. Macleod draws from Steele’s extensive diaries and letters spanning nearly thirty-five years. From Steele’s beginnings growing up near Orillia, Ontario (or Canada West, as it was known in 1848), through his rise in the North West Mounted Police and advancement to inspector general of Western Canada, the book paints a clear and personal story of an ambitious and resourceful figure in Canadian history.

Readers are reminded at nearly every turn of the page of the challenges and difficult living conditions of the period. While establishing an outpost in British Columbia that was later named in his honour, Steele and some of the men under his command suffered from typhoid fever. Yet their work continued. Eight major buildings needed to be constructed from the ground up before winter set in. In Dawson, Yukon, Steele is credited with averting large-scale starvation by creating regulations that required anyone making the dangerous journey into the city to travel with at least six months supply of food.

Steele maintained a strict routine, regardless of the temperature or time of year. “I have been busy all day and have carried out my daily routine,” he explains in one of his many detailed letters to his wife. “Up at 7:00 walk one mile to the town station inquire if anything had transpired during the night, signed the book, walk up the long hill and then down the short steep one then breakfast, 9 AM. Then inspect the cells and prisoners, sign the book.” And his letter continues:

"Then lunch – then the office until four o'clock, then three miles up the Klondyke on the ice, then up a long hill which takes ten minutes to ascend, then over the Mt through the upper town two miles to the top of the high hill behind the barracks, then down to quarters this in 1 1/4 hours so you see I walk…."

Macleod's biography emphasizes the temperamental nature of politics in Canada at the turn of the twentieth century. Personal or family connections to the government in power meant the difference between an appointment to a position of power or being passed over for promotion. After Steele worked very hard in Dawson to establish and to maintain law and order, governments and priorities changed, and he was dispatched back to Ottawa with next to no reason given. He had gained the respect of the community of Dawson to such an extent that several thousand residents waited at the docks to wish him well.

While Macleod has written a well-researched and highly accessible biography, a few difficulties arise from his relying on personal journals and letters. The author's recounting of land disputes and treaty negotiations between Indigenous communities and settlers reads, at times, as one-sided. For another perspective on Indigenous and NWMP relations during this period, readers might look to works by Métis historian Jean Teillet.

In his diaries, Steele likely omitted some of the less-than-favourable details of his career and his personal life. Macleod also suggests that Steele's son Harwood may have censored the diaries for the years 1870 to 1885, and again for 1887; these volumes are mentioned in Steele's autobiography yet are missing from the full collection that is now housed at the University of Alberta.

This book will be appreciated by those who enjoy reading about the details of life in some of the most remote outposts of western and northern Canada from the 1870s through to the First World War and by anyone interested in the history of the mounted police and the Klondike gold rush.

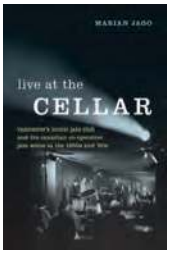
Reviewed by **Jessie Klassen**, a freelance writer who lives and works in Winnipeg.

IN THE POCKET

Live at the Cellar: Vancouver's Iconic Jazz Club and the Canadian Co-operative Jazz Scene in the 1950s and '60s

by Marian Jago

UBC Press, 363 pages, $29.95

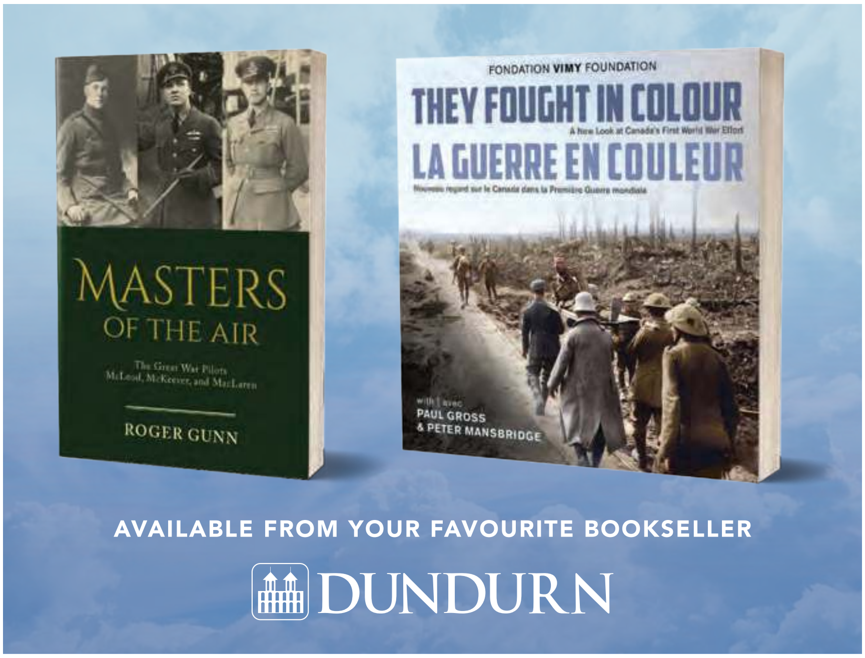


In 1961, during a stint at the Cellar club in Vancouver, legendary jazz bassist Charles Mingus got into an altercation with a member of the BC Lions football team. According to witnesses, he threatened the player, who was in the audience, with a toilet plunger from the club's bathroom.

While author Marian Jago recounts the Mingus story from several perspectives, it's one of only a couple of examples of lurid lore from *Live at the Cellar*, her comprehensive but somewhat dry history of Vancouver's first co-operatively run jazz club. Jago is an expert — she's a lecturer in popular music and jazz studies at the University of Edinburgh — and it's clear that *Live at the Cellar* was written by a scholar, not a journalist, as it relies heavily on dates and details at the expense of colour. The book's copious footnotes often contain stories one wishes would have been woven into the narrative.

The book never quite conveys the magical way a unique music scene holds sway over its participants — audiences and players alike — to make them feel like members of an exclusive club whose clubhouse has its own personality. Nevertheless, the way Jago sets the stage to explain how and why a musician-run, co-operative jazz venue emerged at this specific time in Vancouver, as in several other places, provides a fascinating window into Canadian history.

In the age of Facebook and the globalization of media, it's easy to forget that in the 1950s Canadian cities existed as silos, regional pockets with very little knowledge of what was going on in the rest of the country — or, indeed, the world. National and international news


MASTERS OF THE AIR
The Great War Pilots McLeod, McKeever, and MacLaren
ROGER GUNN
FONDATION VIMY FOUNDATION
THEY FOUGHT IN COLOUR
A New Look at Canada's First World War Effort
LA GUERRE EN COULEUR
Nouveau regard sur le Canada dans la Première Guerre mondiale
with | avec
PAUL GROSS
& PETER MANSBRIDGE

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was one thing. But as far as pop culture was concerned, if you wanted to know what hepcats were into in San Francisco or New York, it took a concerted effort.

Vancouver was a bit of a backwater, and the people who were dedicated to creating a scene — a concept that's central to Jago's premise — were in a way cultural gatekeepers. The Cellar was their playground, but it was also their school, where they were both students and teachers.

Live at the Cellar also shows how the era's restrictive liquor laws shaped the success of various venues. Part of the Cellar's appeal was that it didn't have a licence, so all were welcome. It operated as a "bottle club," where patrons could easily and surreptitiously sneak in booze — something that appealed to an audience that expected a lounge experience. (Unaccompanied women were not welcome in Vancouver's cocktail lounges in the late 1950s.)

Jago points out that, despite operating with the lofty notion of a member-run club, the men — and they were all men — who formed the co-op largely escaped the domestic work that was involved in running a business. Tasks such as cleaning, working the door, and preparing food were performed by women, while the male musicians largely enjoyed the fruits of their labour and jamming late into the night.

The book offers nuggets of sociological gold. Jago touches on the hurdles faced by black and female musicians as well as the importance of the CBC in promoting the fledgling jazz scene. However, the radio network also shunned many of the Cellar's members, who lacked the technique and chart-reading ability required to play in the broadcaster's orchestras.

Unfortunately, for a work revolving around a musical genre that revels in improvisation, this book lacks the kind of narrative filigrees that might intrigue devotees of the form who are already familiar with the main players. Though *Live at the Cellar* has the chops when it comes to research and historical relevance, it never quite finds its groove as a tale well told.

Reviewed by **Jill Wilson**, a copy editor and reporter at the *Winnipeg Free Press* who could tell you a juicy anecdote or two about the local music scene.

MORE BOOKS

They Call Me George: The Untold Story of Black Train Porters and the Birth of Modern Canada

by Cecil Foster

Biblioasis, 295 pages, $22.95

THEY CALL ME GEORGE
CECIL FOSTER

This book's title, its engaging front cover of a black train porter, and its inside blurb led me to expect that it told personal stories about the lives of individual porters. There is some of that, but a reader looking to be entertained with lively railway yarns may be disappointed.

Instead, this is a serious book that challenges the notion of Canada being a kinder, gentler, more tolerant place for blacks than, say, that country just south of us. If you think Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier was a fine, enlightened fellow, then Cecil Foster's argument that Laurier's "policies aimed to make Canada into a country for white people only" might make you uncomfortable. And did you know that Canadian policy-makers rejected overtures from Britain to include the West Indies within Confederation? Foster says it didn't happen because those in power wanted Canada to be a "White Man's Country."

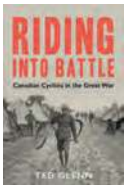
Foster shows how black train porters — who were underpaid, overworked, and ineligible for promotion — played a key role in demanding fair treatment. He refers to a watershed event in 1954, when a train car filled with black porters and their allies descended on Ottawa to meet with federal cabinet members to demand immediate changes to discriminatory immigration and labour policies. (A year earlier, Ottawa had passed the *Fair Employment Practices Act*, which was supposed to protect workers against discrimination on the grounds of race, colour, national origin, and religion.) While actual change came slowly, there was a small victory in 1955, when the Canadian Pacific Railway hired its first black conductors.

By the early 1970s, Canada's immigration policy changed to remove barriers based on skin colour, and multiculturalism became entrenched as national policy. In Foster's view, black train porters deserve a large part of the credit for helping to make Canada the uniquely multicultural country it is today. — *Nelle Oosterom*

Riding into Battle: Canadian Cyclists in the Great War

by Ted Glenn

Dundurn Press, 176 pages, $24

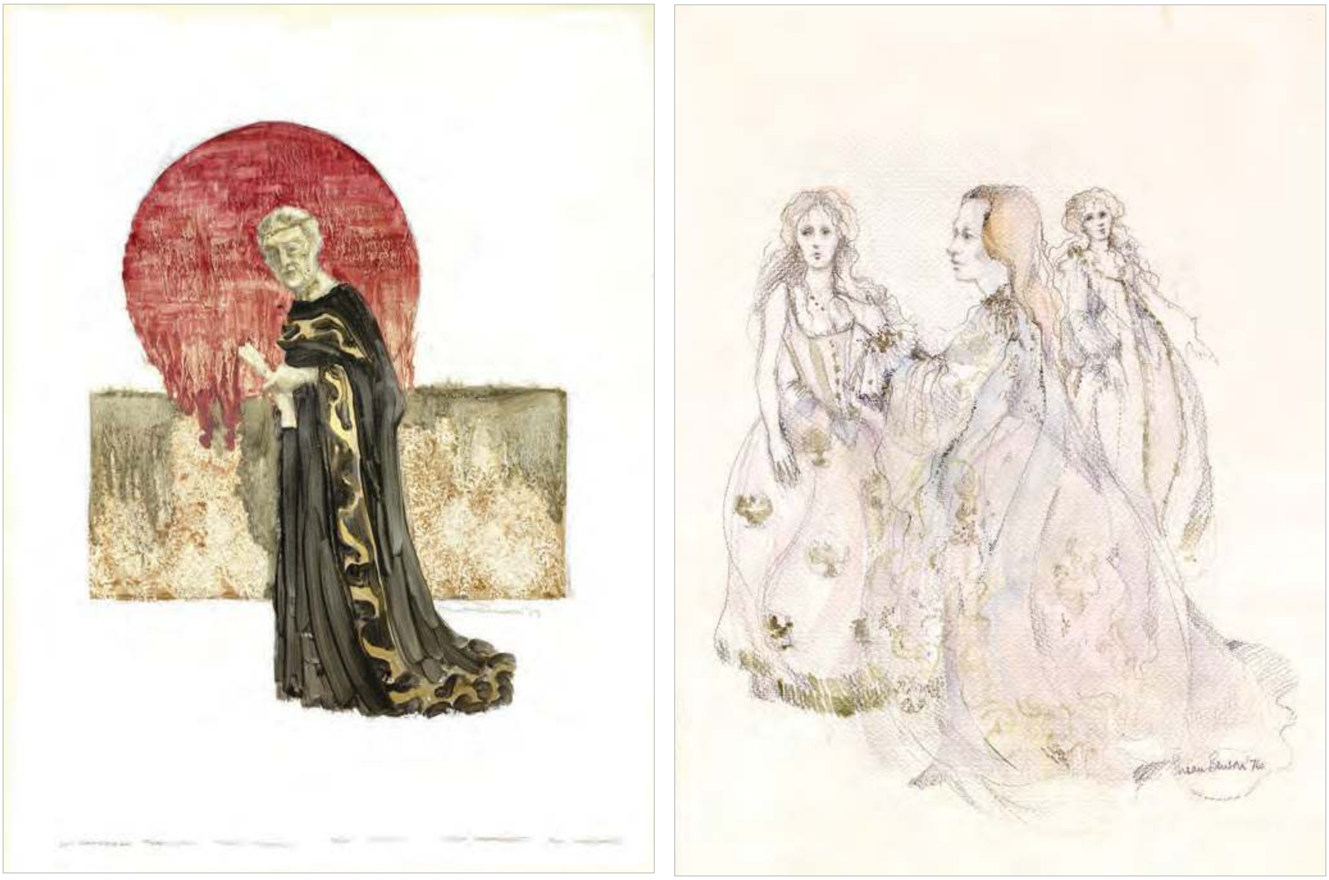


Cyclists were an important component of operations during the First World War. Although they were largely assigned to dispatching messages, road patrols, trench digging, and seeking out the enemy, Canadian cyclists played a shining role at the end of the war, during the Hundred Days campaign. They made important contributions in France at Amiens, Cambrai, and elsewhere.

The original ninety-three-member 1st Canadian Divisional Cyclist Company was composed of volunteers who trained for a mere two weeks at Valcartier, Quebec. Four additional Canadian cyclist companies were later assembled. Of the 1,138 men who became Canadian military cyclists during the war, 261 were killed or injured.

When you read the description of a military cyclist's full kit, which weighed about forty kilograms, you can imagine their gear, along with a rifle, rain cape, and jerkin, piled precariously atop a bicycle. As author Ted Glenn notes, "It was more like trying to mount a haystack than a bicycle…."

Glenn lives in Toronto, where he is a professor at Humber College and



DRESS REHEARSAL The two above sketches display the talents of costume designer Susan Benson. Both images show her work for Ontario's Stratford Festival: on the left for the role of Chief Architect in a 1979 performance of Edward Bond's play *The Woman* and on the right for the role of Titania in William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as played by Maggie Smith in 1977. The sketches appear along with dozens of other compelling images in *Susan Benson: Art, Craft and Design on Stage*, by theatre, film, and television designer Patricia Flood (Firefly Books, 144 pages, $35).

COURTESY FIREFLY BOOKS

also a cyclist. In *Riding into Battle*, he describes Canadian cyclists' military expeditions and day-to-day lives, which previously had largely gone undocumented. Many excellent photographs and maps enhance his narrative.
— *Beverley Tallon*

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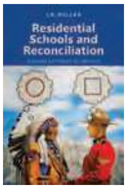
Residential Schools and Reconciliation: Canada Confronts its History

by J.R. Miller
University of Toronto Press,
362 pages, $39.95



On June 11, 2008, then Prime Minister Stephen Harper stood in the House of Commons and apologized to Indigenous people in Canada for the federal government's role in the Indian residential school system. A photo of him apologizing now commonly appears in school textbooks as well as in other resources and histories that deal with this difficult part of Canadian history.

A recent book by historian J.R. Miller demonstrates that Harper's apology was just one moment in Canada's journey of reconciliation regarding the residential school system. *Residential Schools and Reconciliation* provides a detailed review and analysis of various approaches to reconciliation over the past thirty years.

Thanks to Miller's substantial research and new interviews with individuals like former National Chief of the Assembly of First Nations Larry Phillip "Phil" Fontaine and Senator Murray Sinclair, who chaired the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada (TRC), readers are guided through a complicated history of acknowledgements and apologies, court cases and dispute resolution, and official government initiatives, including the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples (1991–96) and the TRC (2008–15).

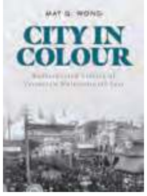
Such efforts have been important parts of the healing process for survivors of residential schools as well as key aspects of the reconciliation process for all people in Canada. Some initiatives were more effective than others at unearthing truth, assigning responsibility for past injustices, and providing tangible compensation for the survivors.

Not surprisingly, Miller maintains that the country still has much work ahead in order to achieve social and economic equality for Indigenous people in Canada. Going beyond the TRC's ninety-four calls to action, he adds his own call to action for historians and educators.

Urging them to continue their research and to share the history of residential schools widely with Canadians, he predicts that meaningful change will require sustained public pressure. In this book, Miller has done his part, providing Canadians with an invaluable, insightful, and accessible resource on reconciliation in Canada.
— *Joanna Dawson*

City in Colour: Rediscovered Stories of Victoria's Multicultural Past

by May Q. Wong
Touchwood Editions,
352 pages, $22



In *City in Colour*, May Wong writes about Victoria's little-known multicultural history. For any who see Canada as a predominantly white, Protestant nation and think that multiculturalism has been around for only the last fifty years or so, Wong's book challenges that way of thinking and presents Victoria as a city that welcomed and, mostly, embraced a wide range of people from all over the world.

City in Colour is not overly academic and reads like a guide to the city's multicultural past. It mentions historic sites and will be useful to anyone exploring the city. Wong explains that Victoria has been populated by African-American, Hawaiian, Jewish, Chinese, and Japanese people for nearly two centuries. She tells how Hawaiians who worked for the Hudson's Bay Company were integral to keeping Victoria and the surrounding region part of Canada when there was a danger of American annexation.

Wong worked for British Columbia's public service before retiring in 2004. Raised in Montreal by parents who immigrated from China, she has also written a memoir about the discrimination she and her family experienced in Canada.
— *Joel Trono-Doerksen*

Crosscurrents: How film policy developed in Quebec 1960–1983

by Constance Dilley
Presses de l'Université de Québec,
320 pages, $39

The route to a feature film's success is long, and in 1960s Quebec the industry as a whole was struggling to survive. Constance Dilley's book *Crosscurrents* tracks the growth of the film industry in Quebec and the fight to pass Bill 109, a law to create a viable movie industry in the province.

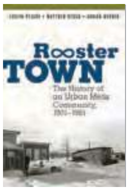
The legislation was met with direct opposition from the major American film companies, which even threatened a boycott. As Dilley puts it, "policy had never been so exciting."

While the author approaches the subject from an academic perspective, she uses archival resources and direct testimonials to craft a picture of an industry that has been continually in flux. Dilley has been a member of the film industry since the 1970s, and her various roles with film magazines and associations in Quebec allow her to incorporate anecdotes into this political history.

Framing the struggle for legislation around events like the moon landings and battles over Quebec separatism, Dilley tells the stories of people who called themselves the "*coureurs des bois*" of Quebec cinema. With her story of culture and politics, Quebec filmmaking is firmly embedded in the history of the province.
— *Henrietta Roi*

Rooster Town: The History of an Urban Métis Community, 1901-1961

by Evelyn Peters, Matthew Stock,
and Adrian Werner
University of Manitoba Press,
245 pages, $27.95

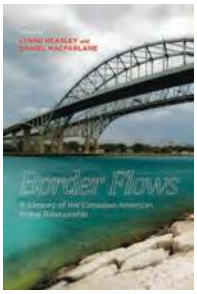


Rooster Town is a well-researched academic examination of a Métis settlement in what's now south-central Winnipeg as well as of the role played by settler colonialism.

The first chapter briefly explores the history of the Red River Métis and how they began to establish this settlement in the part of the city now known as Fort Rouge. Four subsequent chapters are chronological studies of the community's development — through its establishment, growth, and eventual dissolution.

Writers Evelyn Peters, Matthew Stock, and Adrian Werner are specialists in urban social geography, social policy, and Canadian and urban history. They use government and genealogical records, as well as archival materials, to follow several families through their time in Rooster Town, between 1901 and 1961. While their focus is on this particular settlement, similar communities existed in urban centres across Western Canada.

Maps of the community show where each family lived and moved over the years, while family photos and family trees help to tell the stories of the community's residents. *Rooster Town* takes important steps toward building a greater understanding of Métis and urban history in Canada.
— *Danielle Chartier*



BORDER FLOWS

A Century of the Canadian-American Water Relationship

Edited by Lynne Heasley and Daniel Macfarlane

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STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE

A Prairie Story of Bigotry and Belonging

By Candace Savage

When researching the first occupant of her home in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Candace Savage discovers a family more fascinating and heartbreaking than she ever expected. In *Strangers in the House*, Savage scours public records and historical accounts, as she examines a troubling episode in Canadian history, one with surprising relevance today.

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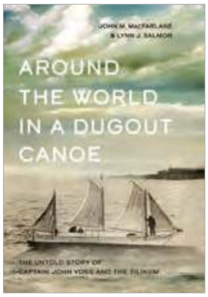

AROUND THE WORLD IN A DUGOUT CANOE

The Untold Story of Captain John Voss and the *Tilikum*

By John M. MacFarlane and Lynn J. Salmon

In this groundbreaking work, maritime historians MacFarlane and Salmon sift fact from fiction, critically examining the claims of previously published accounts against research from libraries, archives and museums around the world to reveal the real story of a little-understood character and his cedar canoe. It is an enduring story of courage, adventure, tragedy and, at times, sheer luck.

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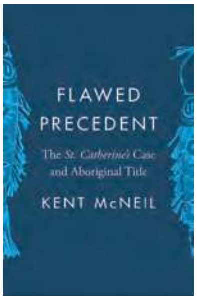

FLAWED PRECEDENT

The St. Catherine's Case and Aboriginal Title

By Kent McNeil

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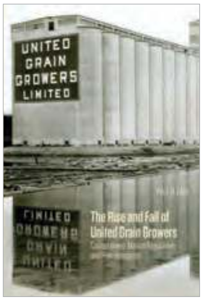

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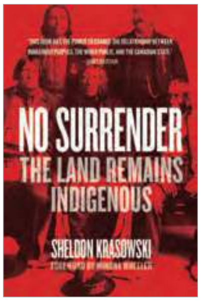

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The Land Remains Indigenous

By Sheldon Krasowski, foreword by Winona Wheeler

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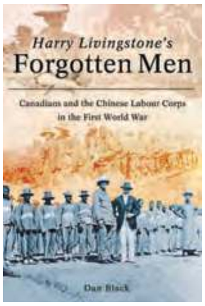

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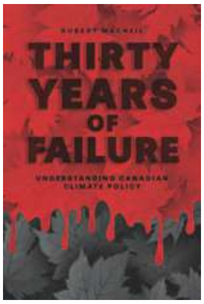

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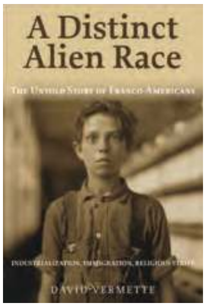

A DISTINCT ALIEN RACE

The Untold Story of Franco-Americans, Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife

By David Vermette

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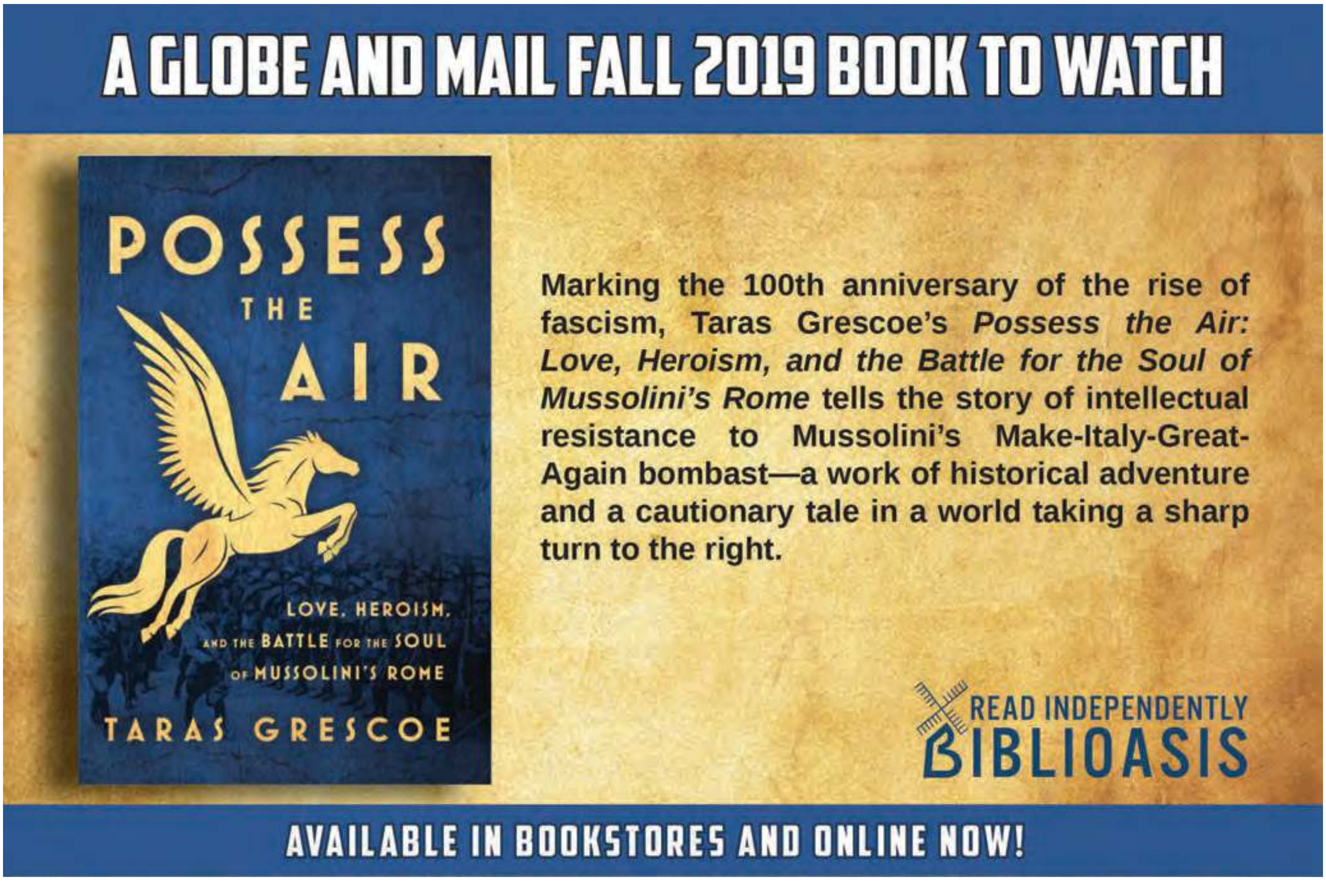

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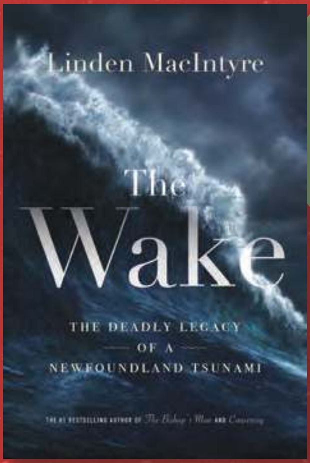
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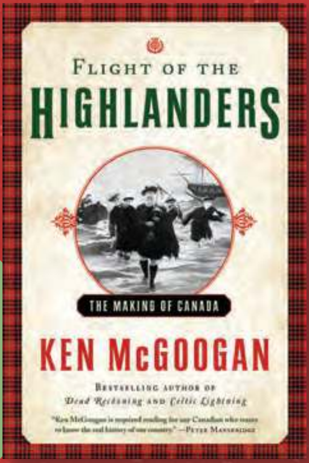
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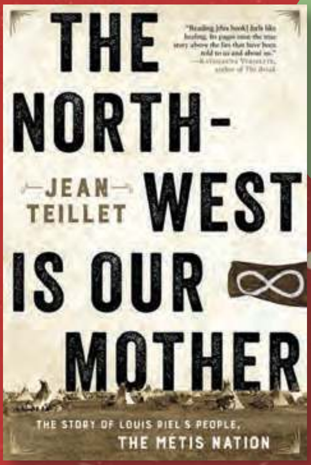
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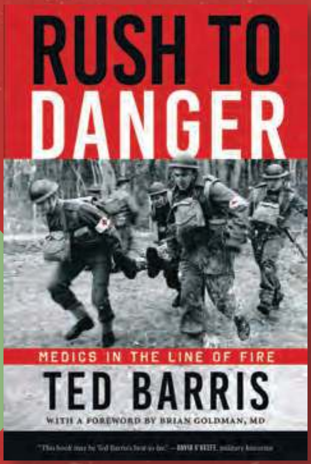
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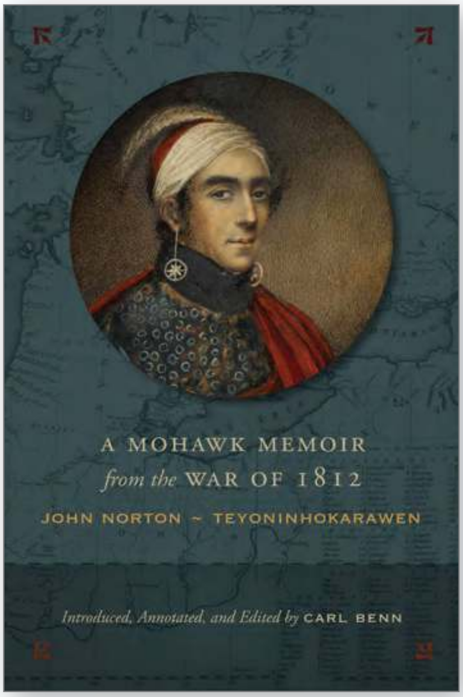
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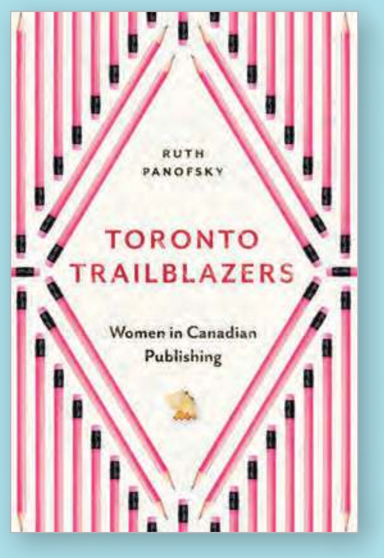
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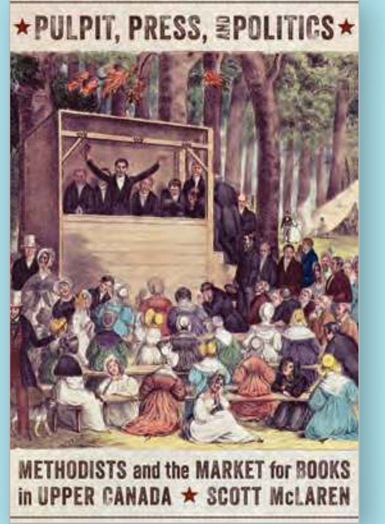
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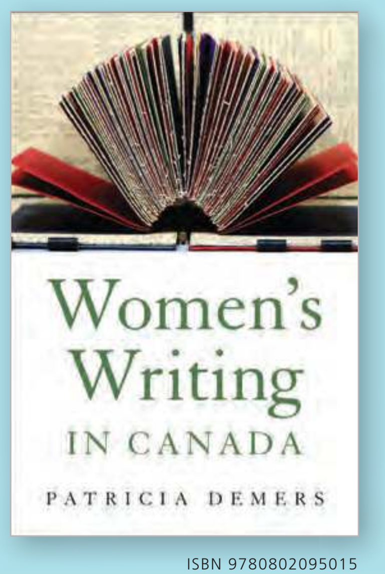
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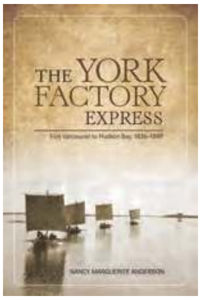

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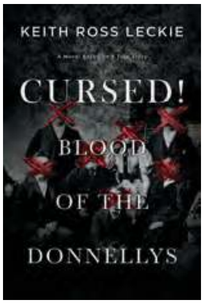

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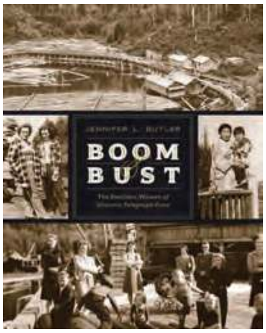

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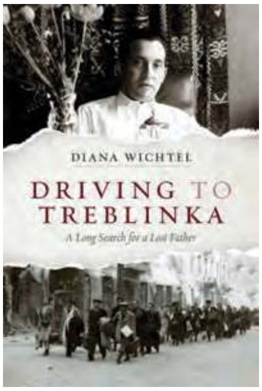

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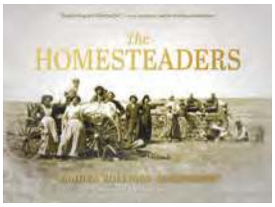

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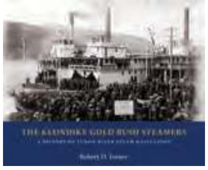

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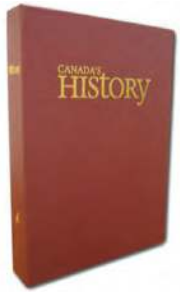

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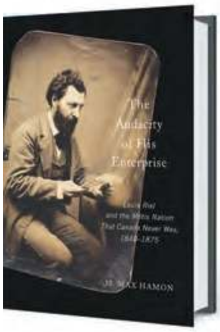
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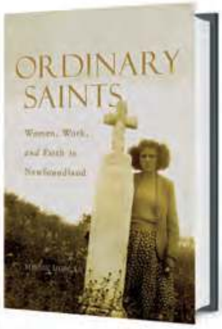
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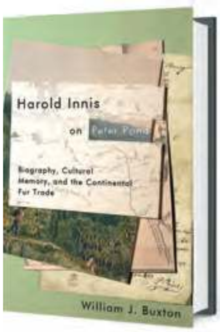
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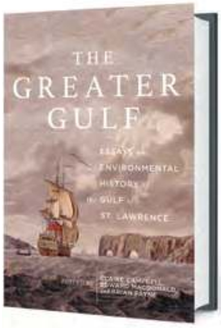
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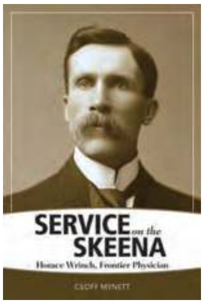
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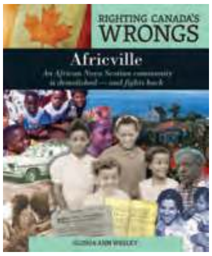
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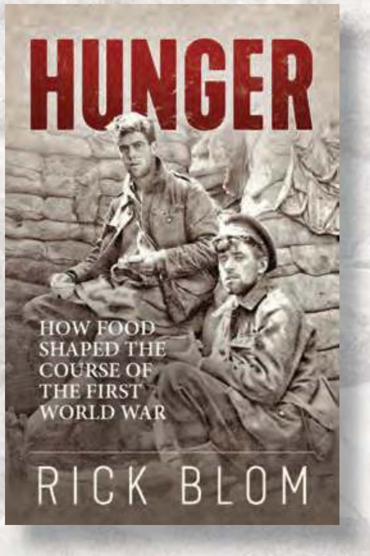
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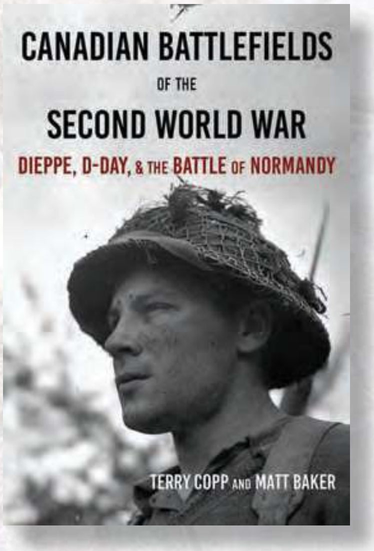
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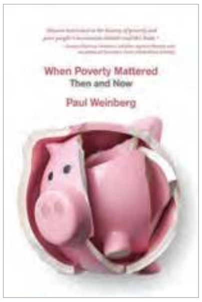

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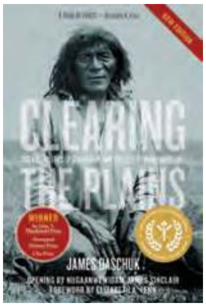

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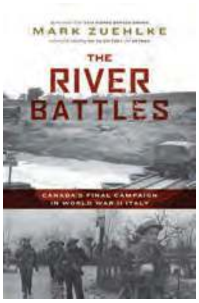

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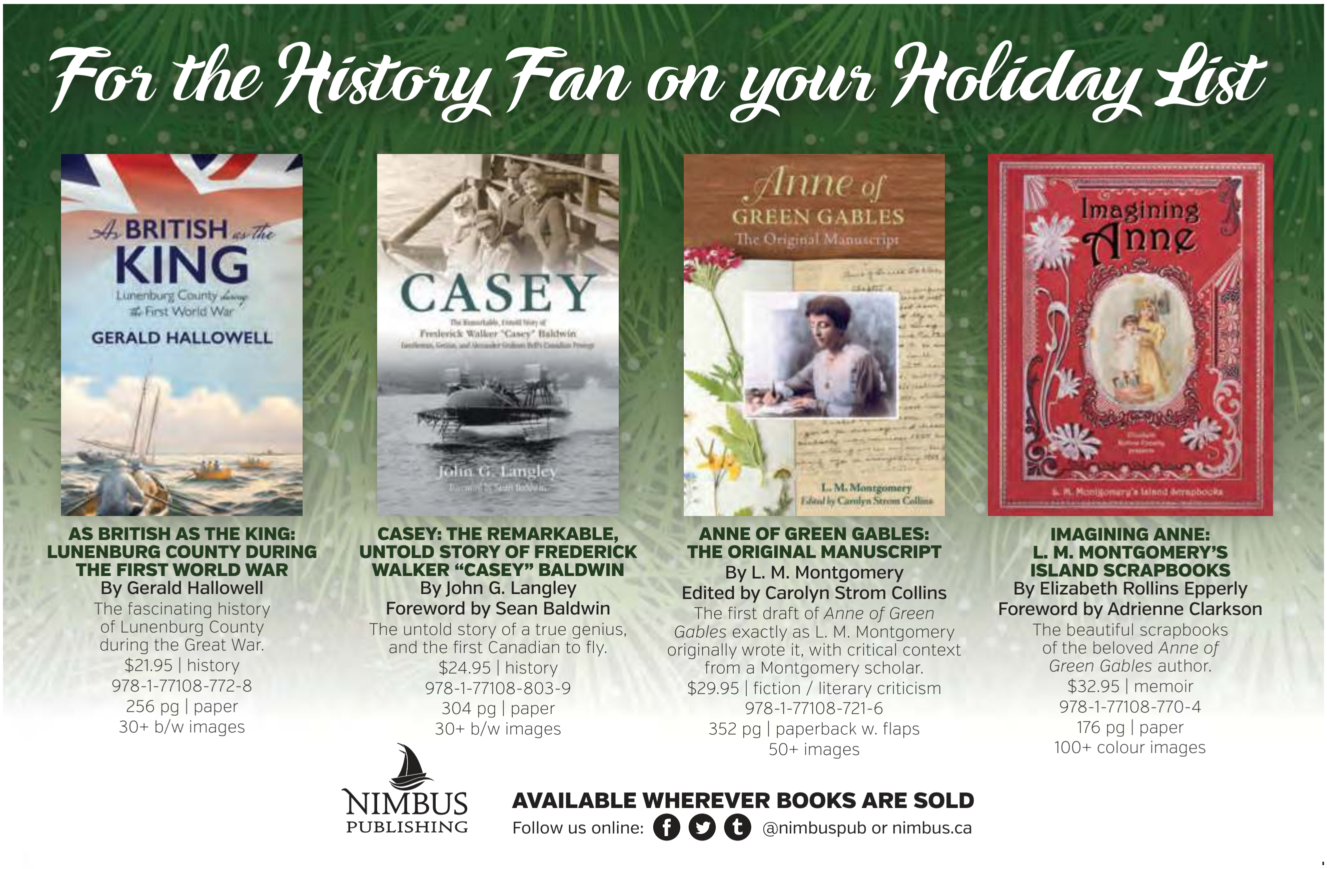
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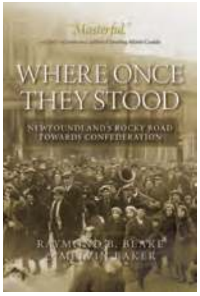
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The Beaver
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ET LES RELATIONS QUI EN DÉCOULENT
HISTOIRE CANADA

A few of the publications produced by HBC and the History Society in the past century.

A lasting legacy

Centennial of The Beaver an opportunity to ensure a bright future for history. *by Janet Walker*

Legacies are not exclusive to the few. Each of us leaves a legacy for future generations, born of our own unique vision, determination, and pursuit of a dream. Legacies are made every day by people like you and me.

Canada's History magazine began as a gift to employees from the Hudson's Bay Company on the occasion of its 250th anniversary in Canada. Launched in 1920 as *The Beaver*, the then-monthly digest was a practical tool aimed at keeping employees connected and informed.

In 1994, Canada's National History Society was founded with a mandate to publish *The Beaver* and a mission to "promote greater popular interest in Canadian history." Buoyed by the magazine's legacy as a respected journal reflecting the country's past, the Society's inaugural board envisioned a publication that would promote interest in and knowledge of Canadian history. This forward-thinking approach attracted support from grassroots participants and donors, as well as distinguished Canadians such as Rolph Huband, secretary to HBC; historians and authors Michael Bliss, Tina Loo, Joe Martin, and Desmond Morton; Shirlee Ann Smith, the first keeper of the Hudson Bay Company Archives in Canada; and publisher and educator Bill Nobleman.

Today, at ninety-nine years old, *Canada's History* magazine thrives. We owe our success to the commitment and continuing legacy of the founders, volunteer directors, editors, and writers.

Over the years, significant support from the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation has allowed Canada's History Society to grow with the times and to reach an ever-widening audience.

We are enormously grateful to them, along with the many donors from across Canada who have joined in the "company of Adventurers" through major multi-year pledges that help to ensure our stability and encourage us to look to the future with confidence.

The federal government has also been a key partner, investing in publishing, awards, and online programming. It helps us to champion the search for knowledge and to bring relevance and awareness to an audience hungry to learn more about where we have come from and where we are going.

The legacy continues because of people like you who avidly continue to read *Canada's History*, renewing your subscriptions and making contributions that help us to share with our audience the experiences and diverse perspectives of Canadians. There are enormous opportunities ahead. With your help and support we can continue building something good, and important, and lasting, to inspire new generations of informed, empathetic, and proud Canadians.

As we mark both the 350th anniversary of the HBC and the 100th anniversary of *The Beaver* in 2020, let's imagine together what each of us can do to leave a legacy of knowledge and inspiration and a greater understanding of Canada's stories for future Canadians.

The sun rises over an inlet at Duncan's Cove, Nova Scotia.

The path less travelled

A historic adventure lies just off the beaten trail to Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia.

by Mark Collin Reid

If there's a province created for postcards, it's Nova Scotia. "Canada's Ocean Playground" may be small compared to Ontario, Quebec, or the western provinces, but it boasts ten thousand kilometres of coastline — and every cove and inlet harbours some sort of hidden history.

On a recent visit to my home province, I found myself at my sister's house in Dartmouth, planning a day trip to Peggy's Cove, when my nephew and niece piped up about a nearby coastal hike they had enjoyed while on a school outing.

It was on the way, so we shrugged: "Why not?" After all, while Peggy's Cove is certainly the epitome of postcard Nova Scotia, we had collectively been there many times, and it felt a bit like a "been there, done that" destination.

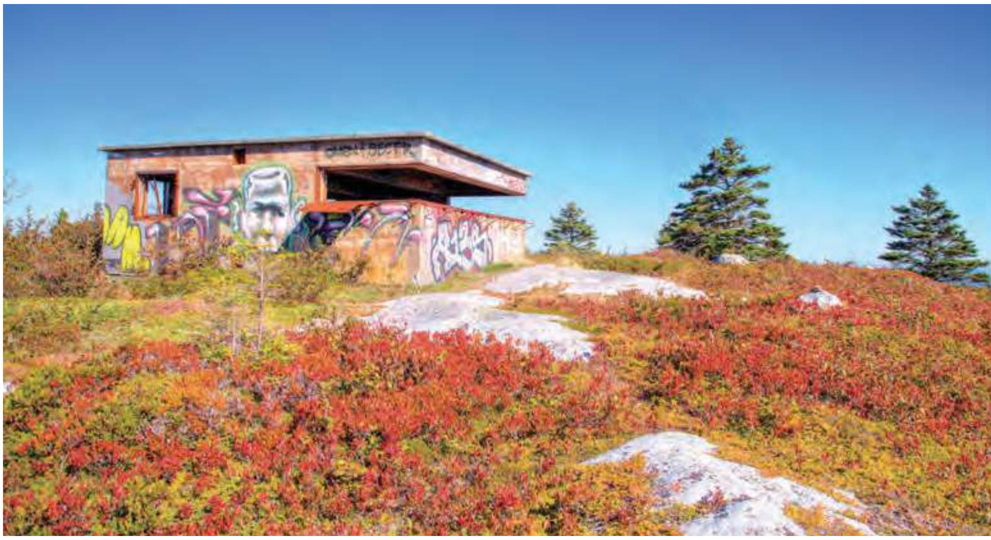
Grabbing some sunscreen and filling our water bottles, we were soon tumbling into my sister's minivan and departed on the winding drive to Duncan's Cove, a rustic rural community only nineteen kilometres south of Halifax. Along the way, the kids explained that the hike might be a bit challenging for an old guy like me, given that I'm the owner of a pair of legs that are fast approaching the age of fifty.

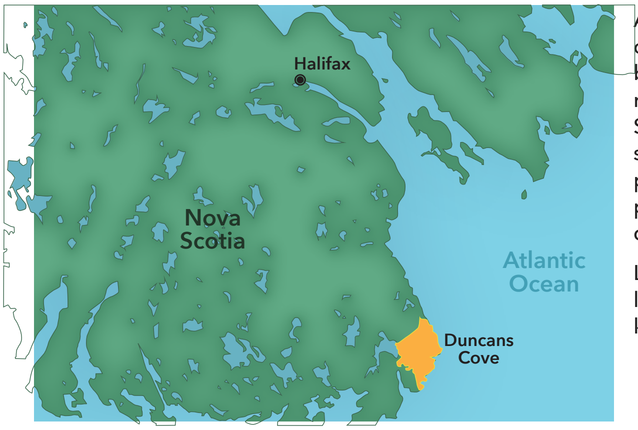
Admiral Adam Duncan, 1st Viscount Duncan.

The hike, I later learned, skirts along the edge of Duncan's Cove Nature Reserve, a gorgeously sparse and rocky region featuring low shrubs, stunted evergreens, and million-dollar views of the Atlantic Ocean. Protected in 2004 due to the presence of certain rare plant species, including the Arctic blueberry, the reserve is surrounded by private properties; so visitors need to be careful not to wander off the trail.

Duncan's Cove's first recorded settler was Simon Duntoyn, who moved there in 1752. Soon a small fishing community

TOP: R JONATHAN. BOTTOM: PUBLIC DOMAIN





Above: An abandoned Second World War-era military bunker covered in graffiti is near Duncan's Cove, Nova Scotia. Gun emplacements such as this were a major part of the coastal defences protecting Halifax Harbour during the war.

Left: Duncan's Cove is located about nineteen kilometres south of Halifax.

ABOVE: EARLE HICKEY BELOW: MATT YATHON

emerged. Its residents likely didn't have many other options for survival, as the rocky, thin soil of the region isn't very conducive to growing crops.

As for the eponymous "Duncan" of Duncan's Cove, the name comes from Admiral Adam Duncan, 1st Viscount Duncan, a British naval officer who famously — in Britain, at least — won a sea battle against French-controlled Dutch warships during the late-eighteenth century's French Revolutionary Wars.

Speaking of wars, and of priceless views, the first thing we saw upon our arrival at the trailhead was a mansion that, unbeknownst to us, had origins steeped in Canada's military history.

It turns out that opulent structure was formerly a Second World War observation tower. Strategically located on the southern coastal approach to Halifax Harbour, the tower was part of an extensive series of defences aimed at thwarting German submarines that prowled the adjacent waters during the Battle of the Atlantic.

Long after the war ended, the abandoned tower was discovered by architect Erla Laurie, who decided to make it her home. While we didn't encroach on the property, we were close enough to admire the stunning modern beauty of the multi-level mansion that, I later learned, features Portuguese limestone floors, a guest house, and an infinity pool near the edge of a craggy cliff overlooking the sea.

Time to get hiking. Within minutes we were standing just metres from the sea, scrambling up, over, and around granite boulders as we deeply breathed the refreshing salt-spray air.

Every new section of the trail revealed something to capture our attention: from the seabirds soaring high overhead to seals basking on rocky reefs just offshore. Every so often a sailboat would glide by, while farther offshore large container ships plied the busy seaway to and from Halifax's working port.

Soon we began to see in the distance the vague shape of small cement structures that, as we grew closer, came into focus as the ruins of concrete bunkers. These remnants were part of the once-formidable coastal defences that protected Halifax during the Second World War. The city played a vital role in the war; countless thousands of Canadian soldiers, sailors, and merchant mariners passed through Halifax as they did their bit to defeat the Nazis.

For we adults, the bunkers were a great place to rest and to admire the view. As for the kids, they enjoyed the adventure of exploring the graffiti-covered, crumbling structures.

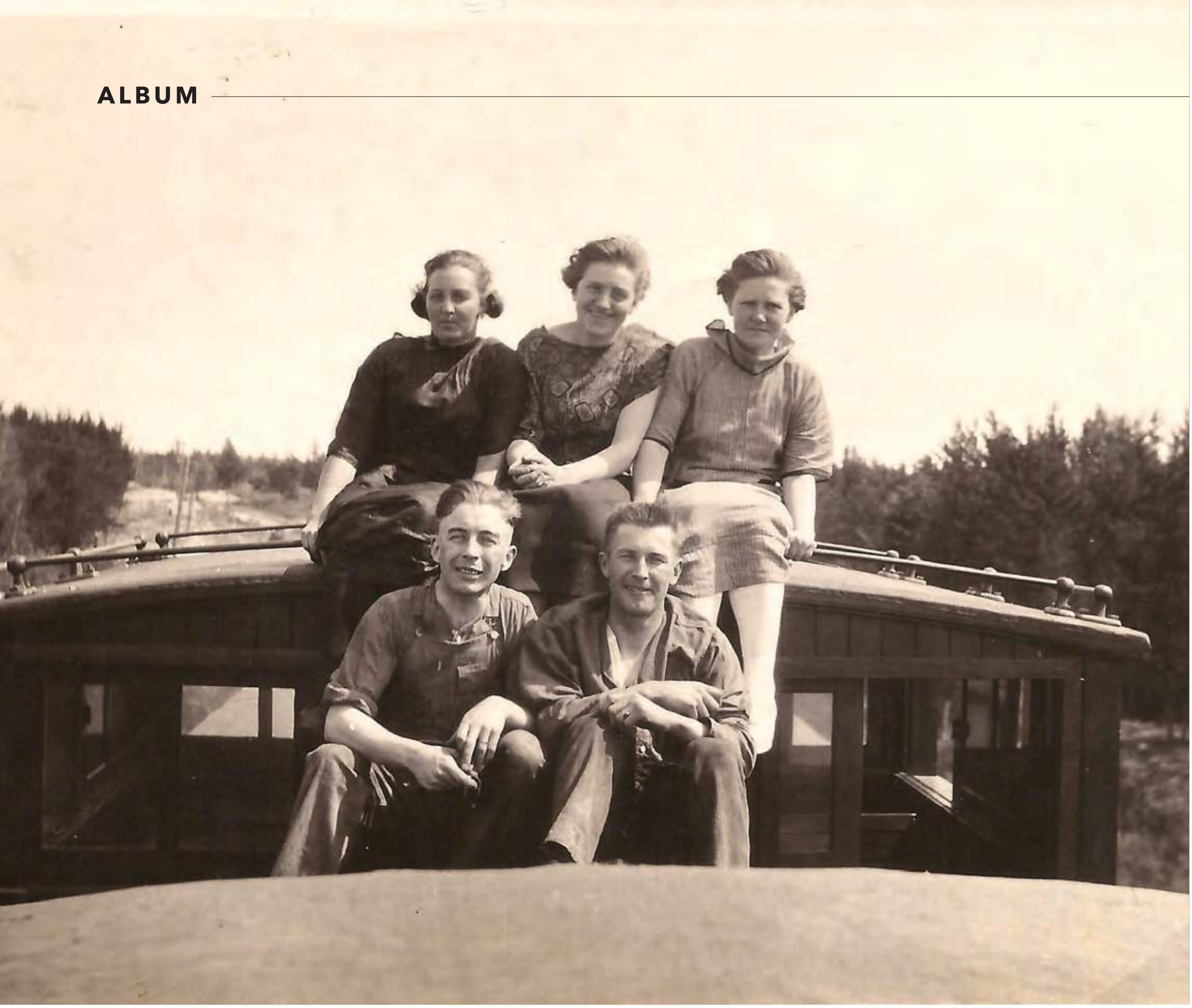
Rated by HalifaxTrails.ca as "moderate-difficult," the Duncan's Cove hike isn't for everyone. Sections of the trail — and the hot summer sun — had your humble scribe huffing and puffing and thinking of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner": "Water, water every where,/ Nor any drop to drink."

Thankfully, after the hike was conquered and we were all safely back in the minivan, my brother-in-law made a beeline straight to the nearest ice cream shop to celebrate with treats for all.

Later, we reflected on how fortunate we had been on this occasion to travel off the beaten path. While there's nothing wrong with the postcard paradise version of Nova Scotia, there are also plenty of wonders to be found on the fringes, such as Duncan's Cove.

Advice to visitors

Duncan's Cove is becoming increasingly popular, and that has led to some conflict between hikers and local residents who understandably wish to see the flora and fauna preserved and protected. Please be sure to stick to the trail, and respect the private property that surrounds the hike. Also note that there are no facilities on the trail, nor is it professionally groomed or maintained – use caution when navigating the steep cliff areas.



Joyride

This photograph from 1926 shows the three Moberg sisters, from left to right: Maggie, then fifteen years old; Ingeborg, twenty-one years old; and Nellie, seventeen years old. We don't know the names of the two men who appear with them.

In 1912, the Moberg family immigrated to the Shellbrook, Saskatchewan, area from Kiruna, Sweden, where their father had been a railway conductor. Due to their mother's premonition, the family refused passage on the *Titanic* and arrived later on the *Empress of Britain*. They spent their first winter in Canada in a dugout on the banks of the Shell River.

My mother, Ingeborg, told me that as a teacher in the 1920s she had to live under rigid, prim-and-proper rules of behaviour set up by vigilant school board trustees. When this photograph was made, her 1926 teaching year had ended for the summer, and she had returned home to have some fun. A friend worked for the railway, and Ingeborg talked him into arranging a ride on a freight train for her and her sisters.

We can see the wind blowing in their hair as they ride atop a caboose lumbering into Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, on a beautiful sunny day. Later that same day, the sisters climbed into a horse-drawn buggy with some friends and headed for a nearby town, where their brothers — and Nellie's boyfriend, Russel — played music for a dance.

Submitted by Marie Nagloren Minaker of Burlington, Ontario, the daughter of Ingeborg Nagloren.

Do you have a black-and-white or colour photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location, details about people appearing in the photograph, and further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be adjusted for presentation in the magazine.

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

The importance of understanding Canada by examining the histories of its peoples has been an anchoring belief of Canada's History Society. Established in 1994 through the generous support of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation, we bring relevance and awareness to our nation's diverse past, illuminating the people, places, and events that unite us as Canadians.

The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids*, CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

SOCIÉTÉ HISTOIRE CANADA

L'importance de comprendre notre propre identité par le truchement de l'histoire est au cœur de la philosophie de la Société Histoire Canada. Le travail de la Société, fondée en 1994 grâce au généreux soutien de la Fondation d'histoire de la Compagnie de la baie d'Hudson, consiste à faire connaître le passé diversifié de notre pays et à l'ancrer dans le contexte actuel, mais également à mettre en valeur les gens, les lieux et les événements qui nous unissent en tant que Canadiens.

La Société offre notamment aux Canadiens le magazine *Histoire Canada*,
le magazine *Kayak : Navigue dans l'histoire du Canada*,
le site HistoireCanada.ca et les Prix d'histoire du Gouverneur général.

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